THE

PASTOR CHIEF;

OR,

THE ESCAPE OF THE VAUDOIS.

A TALE

OF

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"LUX LUCET IN TENEBRIS."

Vaudois Motto.

ON THE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
E'en them, who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not; in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep; and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

MILTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE PASTOR CHIEF;

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CHAPTER I.

VICTORINE learnt from the inhabitants of Aissard, that the whole surrounding country was not only in alarm at the success of the Vaudois, but greatly distressed by the measures of the French and Savoyard troops, who, to prevent their progress, or, at all events, to frustrate their

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attempt, were destroying the produce of the land on which their support depended.

The richest gifts of Providence were sacrificed to the ruthless violence of war; and smoking corn-fields, and hamlets reduced to ruins, testified that the army had been there, laying waste the careful store of many a weary hour of toil. Enraged at being balked of his expected success, the Marquis de Parelle wreaked his vengeance on the villages through which the Vaudois had passed, nor would he admit the excuse that the assistance they had rendered had been wrung from them by compulsion. In this state of things the poor people of Aissard were in constant alarm, both of the victorious mountaineers, with whose requests they dared not refuse compliance, and of their nominal protectors, who were totally regardless of their interest; and the news brought by the fugitives from Del Tor, although a mere confirmation of what they had previously heard, only added to their terror. In return, they were able to give their guests fuller particulars of the dis-

asters related by the Count de Parat, and poor Anima heard on awaking, that disgrace had attended her husband's defeat, and that he himself, while boldly endeavouring to rally his panic-struck corps, had been wounded at Vachère; and, though life was spared, he was yet in so precarious a state, that slight hopes remained of her ever again beholding him. Such unaccountable terror had seized the troops, that in almost every instance they had fled, before even a shot was fired; and the triumphant Vaudois boldly shouted their watch-word "Angrogna!" and the name of their favourite leader, "Durand," within reach of their enemies' hearing, as they rapidly progressed towards their desired valleys.

It was impossible to calculate how soon they might be there; and Victorine felt it was necessary to start as speedily as possible for the convent.

Some rest was indeed requisite for the Marchioness, whose state of exhaustion was too evident, though she did not complain; for, with the knowledge of all that had happened, came on

apathy and dejection, which totally deprived her of energy. She had no wish to proceed, no fear of the consequences of remaining, and urged the inutility of any exertion for a life in whose preservation none now remained to take interest. "Fly! Victorine," she said, "with the speed on which your safety depends, and leave me here to meet what Providence appoints. I should but retard your progress, and thus again fulfil the fate which has often rendered me a cause of misery to others. Encumber not yourselves with one, whose useless existence would only be preserved at the expense of others, and be spent in solitary and lingering years of vain regrets!"

But Victorine refused to listen. There was no time then to urge the truth she so deeply felt: that none dare call that existence useless, which has been given for noble purposes here, and for eternity hereafter; but she insisted that none of their band would start without her, and that, therefore, for their sakes, she must rally the energies she yet possessed.

The only conveyance they could procure was

a cart drawn by oxen, on which Anima was placed. Guides were obtained to conduct them to Angrogna, and it was thus that she was again to enter that valley in which her youngest and happiest years had been passed, a fugitive from those who, though now her foes, were once her best friends.

Sad thoughts were in her heart, as they progressed on her journey through a country whose scenery called up at every turn the associations of other days. A dark foreboding seemed to assure her that a change had come over her path, and that most likely she should never again on earth behold her lord.

All before her was a dark uncertainty; except, indeed, that eventually her steps must be bound to Turin, and once there, she resolved that nothing should prevent her from publicly recanting her profession. Then, rose the remembrance of the doctrines her Pastor guardian had so carefully instilled in her early education, and the conviction that no penance of hers could be avail-

ing, to wipe out the transgressions she deeply repented of.

But she did not despair; for she had been also taught that a more efficient oblation had been offered up for her; and in deep humility she rejoiced in the prospect of bearing with patience any difficulties that might await her, for thus she felt she could testify the sincerity of her devotion to that Saviour, whose purer form of worship she had deserted for mere worldly advantages.

It was evident, however, that some days must elapse before the country would be restored to such a state of tranquillity as would admit of their travelling in safety, and still more evident were the symptoms that Anima's shattered health was giving way under her trials, and that it would be necessary to tarry for her sake in the first town that offered accommodation and security.

CHAPTER II.

It will be recollected that at the moment of leaving Bobi, Marie had heard, but had not obeyed the voice of Durand calling on her to return.

A sudden conviction of the dangers of her enterprise, a glance exhibiting at once the selfishness of his request, and the improbability of her success, had prompted that recall, and, obtaining no answer, Durand rushed to her apartment. He found, however, that the door was locked, and no sound within betokened her being there. This satisfied him that he was too late; she was gone, was already far on her perilous route!

Yet, even then, he would have pursued her, and led her back from continuing on her hazardous mission, but pressing business demanded his immediate presence.

A council was convened, and he, the chief, dared not absent himself; more especially at a moment when suspicion was ready to cast a cloud over his actions, and conscience whispered of one fatal breach of trust, which he never should have committed.

Not then, however, could he analyze the feelings which had possession of his breast, and he felt like one walking in an uncertain twilight, vibrating between fears and hopes, for Marie, and for Anima's safety.

The coward's alternative alone was his; to banish from his mind the burden which oppressed it, and with a strong effort he forced himself to fix his thoughts only on the military arrangements before him. He attended the debate, but division existed between the chief leaders of that council. Most of them were anxious to advance upon Perrier, so as, if possible, to forestal the in-

tentions of their adversaries, and be ready to give them a reception they would little expect, on entering the town; but others shrunk from so bold a scheme, and Durand himself anxious to gain time, which would admit of the escape of those for whose safety he trembled in Del Tor, joined with the latter.

The altercation rose high. Angry words were heard on both sides, and impatient voices asking for the prompt decision and unflinching courage which hitherto had ensured their success. It was evident that the general opinion was in favour of an immediate march, and this, on the question being put to the vote, was soon ascertained to be the case.

Though disappointed to find his influence vain, Durand felt at once the wisdom of a cheerful compliance in the measure, now become compulsory, and with a sinking heart he gave the word of command to his expectant troop.

"To Perrier, we march without delay. In two hours prepare yourselves to justify your leader's hopes, and your own high calling!"

A universal acclamation of delight answered these words, and cheered him with the proof that no dastard heart amongst the crowd shrunk from the service of danger. For a moment, forgetful of all beside, Durand gazed on his brave band of stout mountaineers with a look of exultation, a heart beating high with the proud hope of expected victory!

All now was bustle and excitement; the men poured in from every quarter, and in haste were mustering around their leader; some shouldered their carabines, others loaded their rifles or sharpened their long hunting knives; while on every countenance was stamped the fixed resolve of hearts prepared to meet the worst.

But, though all were willing, some were evidently unequal to the demands in prospect on their physical strength, and attenuated by want, worn out by previous exertion, would evidently encumber rather than assist a body, whose movements must be rapid alike in execution and design, and who must not tarry in that crisis of their fate to assist one fainting spirit.

It was now, that success would crown every previous effort with the attainment of all they had laboured for, or failure would for ever frustrate what had been already accomplished, and destroy every future hope.

Durand looked round, and felt that some, indeed, of that devoted band, were fit to go forth in their unaided strength and conquer in the cause, but they only must go; and at the head of such alone would he venture on the perilous enterprise.

"Stop!" he cried, "no invalids, no toil-worn sufferers must join in our bold attempt. We may not succeed in our object, but at all events we may divert the attention of the foe, by our movements, from those we leave behind, and thus give them time to rejoin us at a pace better suited to their condition. Stay, then! I beseech—nay, I command you!" added he, stepping in front of the band, with the authority he was entitled to assume, and which well became his striking, military figure. Then, with a manner which had ever been winning, to

the men, he addressed them in companies where they stood, pointed out the necessity for the general welfare, of conformity to the plan he had proposed and contrived for the moment to satisfy alike, both those whom he selected as his followers, and those whom he left to await his return or join him on his route. The latter amounted to about a hundred, most of whom were too infirm, from wounds and previous exertion, not to perceive the impossibility of keeping up with the more able-bodied troop; and excited as they were at that moment with sanguine hopes of Durand's success, they had no misgivings for their own fate. Almost unwillingly they consented to the precaution he insisted on, of leaving a portion of the strongest to defend them, in case of attack.

Thus far Durand had some comfort to cheer him in this trying hour; but, as he turned from the crowd, to prepare himself for the approaching departure, the remembrance of Marie pressed heavily on his mind.

So much time had been lost in the debate and the subsequent arrangements, that the day

had spent itself away, the evening was rapidly advancing; and oh! how are our associations bound up with nature's signs!

It was at this time on the preceding day that he had been conversing with Marie, urging her to undertake that very expedition whose end at this same moment she might have reached, if indeed no mischief had befallen her, and memory called up her very form, her very voice before him! A dread, a shudder came over his whole frame as he thought of the difficulties that might have surrounded her, and fears till now unknown paralyzed every thought.

"She might return," he muttered to himself, as he gazed again and again on the chair she had so lately occupied, and recalled every word of that conversation they had held together.

"She said she would return, and Arnaud's daughter under any circumstances would redeem her word—alas! alas! what a reproach is that to myself; not thus have I regarded my promise to her father!" but his voice was stifled with remorse at the thought, and with nervous agitation he con-

tinued his preparations. At length all was ended, but the subject of his thoughts was still revealed in the broken exclamations which involuntarily burst from his lips.

"Should she return here unharmed, who will be her protector, to whom amidst the helpless crew I leave, can she turn for defence in case of attack, or how will she receive the aid she may require from men rendered desperate by want?" A pause ensued, and then he resumed, "And if I fall ere we reach Del Tor, if our infuriated troop rush on the castle, and, involving in the general destruction the innocent with the guilty, destroy their pastor's child! how shall I be accused who led them on to the crime!"

With such reflections as these, inaction would have been unbearable, and it was fortunate that no time remained for thought. It did indeed occur to him, that the best chance for Marie, consisted in his pushing on with vigour to assail the forces of the Marquis of Pianezza, and perhaps by obtaining the capitulation of the fortress, save it and all it contained from the fury of his own

party, for hope yet whispered that Marie was safely lodged there in the care of the Marchioness.

It was night, ere the arrangements were all completed, and the troop ready to start.

The moon was not shining in the sky, nor any friendly star glittering in its spacious canopy, but dark clouds were rolling there, and spread additional gloom over the prospect, and the wind howled tempestuously as the Vaudois assembled in the streets of Bobi. They, however, were accustomed to hardship, and to them it was scarce worth a thought that their march was to commence in the darkness of the night, and its hours must pass unrefreshed by any rest.

The bitterest trial was parting from their comrades, and leaving them to an uncertain fate; and deep emotion was visible on the dark faces of the mountaineers as by the occasional glare of a torch, held here and there by one of the band, they were seen to wring each other's hand in fond but sad farewell.

Durand watched and saw the impolicy of per-

mitting them to linger over such a scene, and at once seizing a torch, he advanced in front crying, "On! on! my brethren, for their sakes whom we leave. On, to secure their safety and deal destruction at Perrier!"

They obeyed; and the dark mass soon defiled, the quick tramp of their footsteps marking the rapidity of their march long after the darkness had veiled their forms from the spectators' eyes; the occasional clash of their firearms showing they were not unprepared for any unexpected danger; while the dim occasional glimmer of the torches they carried, had a wild and picturesque effect, as they wound through the thick darkness beyond.

CHAPTER III.

THE number of invalids left in Bobi amounted to about a hundred Vaudois, and with them a body of between twenty and thirty whose unimpaired strength fitted them to be their defenders in case of attack, remained under the command of Captains Buffe and de Montoux, both of whom were men of tried ability, whose experience in warfare had been learnt in foreign service.

Not without a murmur, however, could their able corps behold the picked and chosen troop, under Durand, depart for the bold enterprise in which they longed to share, and where, at all

events, they might expect to be released in case of failure, from their post of danger, by a quick and honourable death. They felt that for them, an inglorious inaction was decreed instead, which would perhaps end in painful captivity, or the tortures which they well knew the enemy would not fail to inflict should they rush upon the town and seize the little number from whom resistance would be vain.

"They marched to conquer; and we stay to die!" whispered one of the stronger corps; but looking up he beheld the group of attenuated forms around him, the countrymen whom they stayed to protect. A nobler feeling rose at this sight in his breast, and filled him with the conviction that they were the depositary of that sacred trust—the protection of the weak! and with a sigh the Vaudois added, "Yet is their safety well worth the risk of life, and even liberty itself!"

A question now suddenly arose among the multitude—where was Arnaud's daughter? To whom had Durand confided the precious charge? but none could answer it, not even Buffe, to

whose care it was naturally supposed she would have been left.

It seemed strange that no mention had been made of her, no injunction left as to the regard which should be shown to her; but they concluded all was right, and not having seen her depart, believed her to be yet amongst them. This conviction gave energy to their spirits, for all loved Marie and were ready to unite in her defence, nor grudge the last life-drop in her service.

"She is ours," they simultaneously exclaimed, "Our pastor's pledge! we will gather round her in the hour of danger, and none shall approach to harm her, but across the prostrate bodies of her friends!"

After this they joined in promising allegiance to Captains Buffe and De Montoux, as the representatives of Durand, and then separated for the night. Not an hour later, all was as quiet in Bobi as if no armed troop had but just left its walls, no hearts breathing defiance and expecting assault, were beating within its precincts.

It was one of those nights when the wind having

lulled its fury for a time, murmurs on in indistinct and mournful accents like the occasional wail of an infant, who having cried itself to sleep, renews in its fitful slumbers, the grief which had agitated it before. The clouds, heavy with impending rain, rolled across the sky, excluding every beam and every star that, but for them, might have lightened the gloom.

A flat space of ground covered with grass and surrounded by a low palisade, lay behind the town, and here, at some yards distant from each other, two sentinels kept watch; the occasional clash of their rifles, as they rested them on the ground, alone breaking the silence of the hour, and none could have guessed from the stillness of the scene that the larger part of the Vaudois had so lately set out on their march.

At length one of the sentinels cried to his companion, "Lorente, tu dormi!"—but no answer was returned—"Tu dormi, fratello!" he repeated, but still the sleeper made no reply, and shaking himself in order more fully to rouse from the slumber by which he felt conscious he also had

been overcome, the soldier walked to the spot his companion should have occupied, but it was vacant ; again he called—all was still. Alarmed at the circumstance and without pausing to ascertain its cause, the sentinel at once drew a whistle from his hunting pouch, and hastening towards the town blew it with a distinct clear sound. That one shrill call was sufficient to rouse the Vaudois, whose suspicions were scarce even forgot in sleep, and many were immediately on foot to learn the cause of alarm. Hastily armed with what weapons were at hand, Captain Buffe was the foremost of these. In a moment he heard and understood the importance of the communication. A sentinel had abandoned his post, where could he have vanished!

Lights were instantly procured, and they proceeded to search the spot. They had not far to seek, close by his post lay the wretched man stretched out in sleep—the long, long sleep of death ! They raised him from the ground, no foot marks in the grass were there to prove that his had been the sharp struggle for life or death,

but a crimson stream oozed from his side, and the dark pool in which he had lain showed that life itself had been poured out there; the eyes were closed, one hand grasped the half-drawn hunting knife, the other lay listless by his side.

"He has slept on his watch," briefly observed the captain, "and has had his reward!"

It was evident to all, from the composed attitude in which the body had been found, that life had been taken in sleep, and the perpetrator of the savage deed, whoever it might be, had probably long since fled.

"And is it thus," cried Buffe, "that ye watch? Is it thus ye regard the precious deposit of our common safety? Out upon ye, cowards!" he added, indignantly raising the butt end of his rifle to inflict summary retribution on the sentinel who stood near with looks of undisguised horror. The crowd here interfered, and pinioning the man drew him away. They felt, that in that slumber to which he had so rashly yielded, Providence had saved the soldier's life, and it was sacred in their eyes.

Consternation now pervaded the whole community, as yet there seemed no clue by which to discover the author of the deed ; some footsteps indeed were discernible in long grass which grew on that spot, but the morning dew which had fallen in abundance, had nearly obliterated the marks, and rendered them undistinguishable from those of the sentinels themselves and the crowd which had collected afterwards.

Wrapping the corpse in the cloak in which he had so lately muffled himself in life, they bore it silently back to the town, with an undefined dread in their hearts, that the tragic scene which had been enacted that night was but the prelude to yet greater horrors.

An immediate search was instituted; all the band were collected, answering individually to the captain's call. Not that suspicion attached itself to any of them, but that each trembled for the safety of those around, after so foul a deed.

Suddenly there was a cry for Mademoiselle Arnaud; and flying to the dwelling she had oc-

cupied, they ran to seek her. But that house, which Durand likewise had occupied, was desolate; her room empty, no sign remaining of her presence; her bed untouched, showed no tenant had occupied it that night, and the few articles of daily use, which might have identified its mistress's existence, all carefully put aside.

They gazed in astonishment, and no one dared ask, where she might be.

They knew she had not gone with Durand's troop, or they must have witnessed her departure; and at no other time, in no other way, did they deem it possible she could have left the town. Through every street, in every house, they searched, but no signs did they discover of their pastor's daughter, and their angry gestures plainly showed how dark were their surmises as to her fate.

" Where are the prisoners, Jean Gras and his sister ?" cried Buffe, " produce them at once."

The house where they had been secured was immediately visited by a party of Vaudois. They

found the doors carefully fastened, and every precaution taken to prevent escape; nevertheless, the cage was empty and the birds were flown.

A narrow window in the roof indeed, was discovered communicating with the adjacent house, and through that it was evident that Jean and Annette Gras had made their way, and thence, favoured by the darkness, had probably by creeping from roof to roof succeeded in reaching an open space, where, swinging themselves to the ground, they might have crossed the open plain which alone separated the town from a dark wood which skirted the heights beyond.

To pursue them thither would have been dangerous in the extreme, for the Vaudois could never tell what ambuscades might lurk around them, and yet connecting the fact of their absence with the murder of the sentinel, and the disappearance of Marie Arnaud, but little doubt remained, that the solution of these mysterious circumstances rested with the fugitive prisoners.

It was indeed too true. No sooner had Jean Gras and his sister discovered that Durand and

his men had left the town, than terror for their lives seized upon their hearts. They knew that their preservation till now had been owing to his interference; they remembered that their pardon at first was only granted to Marie's intercession, and now both were gone; they alone, excepting Durand, were aware of Marie's flight, and they felt that they were left unsheltered at the mercy of those whom they had reason to believe thirsted for their blood.

Impressed with this idea they expected immediate destruction, and when, as the night drew on, they heard the last sounds of Durand's departing troop die away in the distance, and beheld from their barricaded windows those who were left vowing their allegiance to Captain Buffe, they gave themselves up for lost. They remembered that he had been foremost amongst those who had most loudly demanded their death, and throwing themselves into each other's arms, they mingled their vain and harrowing lamentations of despair.

"Say—is there no hope?" they whispered to each other, as they scanned the fastenings of the

scanty chamber which formed their prison. One outlet only met their eyes ; it was a narrow window in the roof, which having escaped observation had been left unguarded, so narrow that it seemed impossible any human form could creep through it. They gazed in agony; the night air blew chilly in, and brought with it the sense of freedom.

Within they seemed to gasp for breath. "Oh! not here, not here, can we remain," faltered the sister; "death and despair are here, and we must flee!" For a moment only they hesitated, then having hastily formed their plans, they sat down in breathless silence, watching till all was hushed, then with difficulty forcing his body through the aperture, the brother dragged his sister after him, and together they crept with noiseless steps along the low thatched roofs, beneath which their captors slept in fancied security.

Undiscovered they reached the plain, the long grass receiving every footfall as a bed of down, the damp air reviving their fainting spirits and

stilling the beating of their hearts, whose sound seemed alone to break on their ears in the stillness of that fearful night. Beyond them, at a distance of about thirty yards, lay the wood. Once there, they felt they should be safe, but between that and the space they had to traverse, stood a sentinel. Jean saw, but spoke not, he merely pointed with his finger at the figure which was leaning upon his rifle, his back being turned towards them. Almost inaudibly, Annette muttered, "We cannot return now—it were death —immediate death! oh, Jean!"—but he silenced her, and drawing her to the other side, keeping his eyes still fixed on the soldier, slowly and unperceived, drew near to the palisade, whispering,—

"He dozes on his watch; we are safe," but as they continued, Annette suddenly pressed her brother's arm. Close to their feet lay a dark mass reposing on the grass. It was Lorente, who, overcome with fatigue, had lain down at his post, and now drew the breath of unsuspicious slumber.

As the fugitives approached, however, some

fitful dream disturbed his repose, and restlessly turning on his side, he muttered some indistinct words.

"He wakes! we die!" gasped Annette at the sight; but Jean had beheld the soldier's movement with equal apprehension of the danger, and, ere the sleeper could rouse himself, or his sister interpose, had drawn a knife from his girdle, and stooping over his victim, plunged it in his side. Then, without waiting to see the effect of the blow, he lifted his sister in his arms, and, with the quick impulse of fear, reaching the low fence which divided them from the wood, he bore her over its enclosure, and, scarce conscious of what he had done, felt they were safe within its friendly shelter.

But one step now remained for them—the fugitives, whose hands were imbrued in the blood of their deliverers; it was to steep themselves yet more deeply in iniquity, and adding treachery to the coward's midnight crime, go over, without delay, to the camp of the Marquis de Parelles, and there, disclosing all they knew respecting the

plans and condition of the Vaudois, obtain, as their reward, protection and life.

Once, indeed, Annette ventured to remonstrate, and reminded her brother of their own once forfeited lives; but he silenced her with the assurance, that no alternative remained for them, and urged on by fear, haunted by a condemning conscience, the murderer and his sister pursued their weary way.

CHAPTER IV.

No doubt had remained in the mind of Buffe, on discovering the absence of Jean and Annette Gras, as to the authors of poor Lorente's death, and but little, as to what would be the probable sequel to their flight. He knew too well how fully they must be possessed of their most important secrets, not to fear the result of their reaching the enemy's camp, to which he supposed they had fled.

During the few moments of speechless consternation, which seized him on first ascertaining the fact, the probabilities passed rapidly through his mind, of the immediate march of the Marquis de

Parelles upon Bobi; the certain defeat of the enfeebled party it contained; and the massacre which would inevitably ensue.

For a moment he pressed his hands before his eyes, as if to exclude the dreadful vision, and shuddering, cursed the folly which had neglected to secure more carefully the treacherous captives. As if in answer to his thoughts, Monsieur de Montoux exclaimed—

"Le Bouquetin was right. The renegades should have died, and but for Durand's weak compassion we should have been safe!"

But regret was too late, and Captain Buffe felt this was a moment in which to act—not to think.

Of a stern and decided nature, he was well calculated to fill the position he now occupied, and was not easily disturbed by the tenderer emotions of our nature, from fulfilling the imperious dictates of necessity.

Taciturn, like the generality of his race, accustomed from infancy to show implicit obedience to his superiors, he now in his turn expected to receive the same, and, in a few words having given

orders for the burial of the unfortunate sentinel, he commanded the men to turn out as rapidly and noiselessly as possible, then addressing De Montoux, he said—

"There has been foul work here; treachery has ere this done its part; and if we would escape the dire consequences we must depart hence without loss of time. See, Captain de Montoux, that all is ready—destroy all provision that we cannot carry off—leave no article that can lead to the discovery of how lately we have been here, and ere this hour be past let us begone."

It was then decided that for the common safety, it would be best to separate; one party under Buffe was to regain Durand, the other, under De Montoux, to remain concealed in the bye paths of the mountains, where they might elude the vigilance of the Marquis de Parelles, until an opportunity enabled them to traverse at a slower rate the open plains.

"Be vigilant, be quiet," cried Buffe to his men; "who knows but we may yet track the traitors in their path, and rescue our beloved

pastor's daughter, whom they are doubtless carrying off as a hostage to the foe?"

It needed but this to wing their departure from Bobi; and binding up hastily in their knapsacks whatever necessaries they could carry, the whole party set off, divided into two bodies, the stronger under Buffe, the weaker under de Montoux.

It was a desperate chance for both, but most trying to the latter, who parted from their companions with scarcely one ray of hope. Faith alone supported them, and looking up to their never-failing support, the devoted band watched the company of Buffe take the road towards Perrier, whilst they, unable to keep pace with their rapid steps, turned to the doubtful shelter of nature's rudest works for protection from the atrocity of man.

Of the sixty thus left behind, fifteen alone ever rejoined their countrymen, the rest perished miserably! Patiently, however, they bore their sufferings, nor murmured as they sunk beneath them. Nobly were they supported by the unflinching resolution of Captain de Montoux, but

alas! on the sixth day after their departure from Bobi, some peasants discovered their retreat, and impatient of the promised reward, at once declared it to a party of the French quartered at Sibaud. On receiving the intelligence a troop of these immediately poured down upon the already distinguished party, and capturing those who were not so fortunate as to fall beneath their fire, loaded them with irons, intending to send them to Grenoble, where death and the wheel would await them!

To the last de Montoux bravely held his post, and though he beheld his companions drop one by one around him, still sought to uphold their courage, nor yield one step to the foe. The dreadful contest lasted upwards of two hours, during which the carnage was extreme, though the Vaudois, who consisted but of a handful, were opposed to troops some hundreds strong; but at length, their number being reduced to six, they were overpowered, and with their gallant leader were borne off in triumph to meet their awful doom.

Chained together, and conducted by a guard

of French soldiers, they had yet the comfort of vicinity to each other during that dreadful journey, and though tortured with the pain of their wounds, and the agony of thirst—sufferings which their conquerors scoffed at, but would not relieve—they whispered words of comfort to one another, or repeated those passages of scripture, which are peculiarly replete with consolation and hope!

In this way they turned those weary moments of unremitting physical anguish, into blessed hours of preparation for the eternity to which they were hastening. One earthly comfort also was granted, and they prized it with devout gratitude: from the conversation of the soldiers which surrounded them, they gathered tidings which convinced them that the party under Buffe must have rejoined Durand, and had been advancing successfully on their road.

No envious repining rose in their breasts, as they contrasted the fate of their former comrades with their own, but, looking up to Heaven, they thanked Providence for the glad news, and

sought help to enable them also to rejoice in their own appointed path. What signified it now that it was so thickly beset with sharp thorns ? Short it must be, and would lead to more peaceful shores.

"No, not in death!" said De Montoux, to the men, "shall the Vaudois disgrace the profession of their faith, nor will their faith be disappointed in the dark hour of pain!"

As they entered Grenoble, a curious mob rushed from all quarters of the town to behold the prisoners, loading them as they passed, with opprobrious abuse.

"Les Barbets—les Diables—au feu—à la roue," resounded on all sides, and not one countenance in all that confused mass was softened with the tender ray of Christian compassion. And yet these were their fellow men; the beings the same Creator had called into existence, and whom the same Saviour had died to save!

No respite was allowed after their wearisome journey, to recruit their strength. No tribunal summoned, through which they might pass in

mere compliment to human justice; but the orders were, to execute, without a moment's delay, every heretic that was captured, unless, indeed, they were willing to save both body and soul by a recantation of their errors.

On the market-place a scaffold had been hastily erected: a scaffold on which the protestants were to expiate their crimes! Beside it was placed the cross they must otherwise publicly adore. The grim executioner, the shaven monk, also stood there expecting the victims; and, to render death yet more dreadful, the wheel, that sad instrument of fiendish invention, was prepared to torture the few moments of life that would intervene, for those who persevered in what was termed their heretical obstinacy.

Did that condemned band shudder as they progressed up the streets? The multitude gazed with intense curiosity, but the Vaudois gave no outward sign of emotion. Pale, indeed, and emaciated were they, but these were the tokens of past sufferings, not of present terror. As they

approached the platform, on which were collected those engines of destruction, De Montoux, who, disabled by his wounds from walking, had been placed on a mule, turned round to his companions; his pinioned arms forbade his pointing to the object of horror before him, but bowing to it with his head, he began to sing the first notes of the Vaudois hymn. The burden of it was taken up by his men; and though with voices trembling from exhaustion, they joined in the holy chorus.

The soldiers, however, silenced them at once, and adding brutality to tyranny, thrust at them with their bayonets. In silence, therefore, they were compelled to advance, till they reached the front of the market-place, where they halted, and their bonds were cut asunder.

The priest then approached to De Montoux; in one hand he bore the cross, in the other the sealed order for pardon, in case of compliance.

To the surprise of all, the prisoner reverently received the holy symbol, gazed at it for

an instant, and held it aloft, then distinctly said—

"Remembrancer of the Saviour's sufferings for men, thou dost remind me, also, that his disciples must bear his cross, not bow before it!—and now thy lesson ended, I cast thee from me." Thus saying, he threw the cross from him, and raising his arm, pointed to the sky, devoutly adding, "Christ alone for me!"

The Vaudois heard and joined in the fervent, hope-inspiring words, but their voices were drowned in the clamours of the infuriated multitude, and one by one they were dragged to the place of torment.

They were supported in that awful hour; though nature would find vent in occasional deep-wrung groans, as the horrid engine performed its cruel office on their quivering frames; yet faith rose pre-eminent, and the last words the Vaudois breathed, as one after another they were released from their sufferings by the headsman's stroke, were exclamations, broken, indeed, but full of

hope in Him, in whose pure worship they voluntarily died!

The market-place of Grenoble streamed with the Protestant's blood; but let us hope, that as the crowd dispersed, some at that sight, returned home believing.

CHAPTER V.

It had been with a deep regret, difficult to subdue, that Durand had set off, at the head of his bold brave troop, from Bobi; for his heart misgave him for the party he was leaving behind, but necessity had enjoined the heavy duty, and now he resolved to succeed or perish in the attempt.

His greatest difficulty was the scarcity of provisions, as a store was both hard to obtain, and too cumbersome to be conveyed. A high and insulated Alp, named Infernet, lay halfway on their road to Perrier, and on ascending this, they fell in with two of the enemy's soldiers, whom they

immediately seized, and from whom they drew most encouraging information respecting the adverse party. It appeared that the detachment at Perrier consisted of one hundred and fifty men, and that a convoy of provisions was at that moment travelling thither within a short distance below them. To fall on this was the immediate decision, and they lost no time in capturing a booty, which seemed providentially thrown in their way, at a moment when they were already beginning to feel the pangs of hunger. Having refreshed their strength by an abundant meal, and rested through the night, they advanced the next morning to Vachère, where their anticipations of danger seemed likely to be realized; for they could perceive from their exalted station the enemies' encampment, and discover by their movements an evident intention of surrounding them. On this ascent they tarried in the hope of being overtaken by the slower party from Bobi, but again reduced to extremity by the scantiness of their provisions, were obliged to send out foragers in quest of supplies; but

alas! it was in vain, and the detachment returned from Damian to relate the fruitlessness of their research, a disappointment in some measure counterbalanced by the arrival of two hundred of the expected party. Thus reinforced, they did not hesitate to descend upon the enemy, and seize the position to which they were rapidly ascending, evidently under the conduit of an able leader.

That leader was the Marquis di Pianezza; that well-equipped troop the sanguine band who had sallied with him from Del Tor, certain of success, and eager to meet the foe. But the Vaudois were fortunate in first reaching the post they had fixed upon, and their fire told with deadly precision on the advanced guard. Still, brave and hardened to danger, the main body coolly broke into open order to take up a skirmishing position, and for nearly an hour the struggle seemed equal. Every crag and every stunted tree, became a post attacked and defended with equal skill and obstinacy: but the superior coolness and activity of the Vaudois, whose observation had been sharpened by similar dangers, and whose practised aim

rarely missed, gave them an advantage which told in detail, and before which, the most daring of their assailants had fallen without gaining a foot of ground. With glowing eye and brandished sword, the Marquis galloped from spot to spot, his presence seeming to multiply with the increasing heat of the action. "Down with the heretics! Death to the Barbets! Santa Maria and Savoy!" he shouted, and inspired his troops with fresh courage by his example. But short was his career, vain the boast of victory which burst from his lips; the unerring eye of an old chamois-hunter had already marked him. One report—one shot, rang through the air; and in that instant a ball had pierced the gallant Pianezza in the throat. For a moment he sate motionless in his saddle, then dropped; and the terrified steed dragged him still breathing o'er the plain. To fly to his aid, and raise him in their arms, stunned and shattered, was the last act of his followers on that bloody spot, ere they fled for refuge among the rocks, leaving the Vaudois masters of a

field strewn with a hundred corpses of their foes.

Flushed with victory, Durand once more mustered the troop, and crying, "On to Angrogna—on while heaven favours us!" pressed forwards to Mont Servin, where another detachment awaited them: and there, during seven hours of hard exertion, maintained the conflict. Supported by their zeal they were mindless of hunger or fatigue, and again repulsed the enemy with considerable loss, while on their own side but four remained to show that there they had conquered and died! Perhaps yet longer, that bloody struggle had continued, but, as if sent in mercy, a thick fog wrapped both the aggressors and the oppressed in a veil of darkness, and they were obliged to desist. This was fortunate for the Vaudois, whose scarcity of ammunition forbade their firing a single shot without certainty of success, and whose want of provision was such, that even bread and water were a luxury.

In such circumstances, Durand thought it ad-

visable to retreat quietly under favour of the fog; and this they effected so judiciously, that though within hearing of six hundred of the foe, they were undiscovered, and reached the little hamlet of Servin, where they were obliged to content themselves with a meal of raw vegetables. The next day they determined on retiring in the direction of Perrier, but their progress was impeded both by the difficulty of the paths they had to traverse, where the insecure footing bordering upon the deep ravines or steep precipices, entailed inevitable destruction, and by the extreme exhaustion they experienced from abstinence and over-exertion. In this condition they discovered the enemy intrenched in a convent, in a position where, every advantage of locality being theirs, a well-timed attack promised certain success : but wearied and debilitated as they were, Durand would not suffer them to risk an encounter, and though burning with desire to make the attempt, they were obliged to remain inactive within the tantalizing

sight. They sent, however, a party from thence to reconnoitre Prali and search for provisions, and these returned with so good a report, that they rested at Crouzet to recover their strength against fresh demands. Finding Prali unoccupied, they descended thither, and employed themselves in reaping the ripened corn for their winter supply; and the joyous toil seemed an earnest of again recovering possession of their former comforts. Here too, they were joined by some of their brethren from Bobi, and some natives who voluntarily entered their service.

Every thing shone on their enterprize, and despite of many privations, hope rose in their breasts. It was true that a powerful army surrounded them, that hunger stared them in the face; nevertheless, sanguine of success, and with the promised land in sight, no heart, no spirit waxed faint among them.

Meanwhile, their foes exasperated against them, and yet so restrained by an unaccountable timidity that they dared not advance, wreaked their

fury on the adjacent villages, and indignant at hearing that the Vaudois had passed one night in Jaillaud, they sacked it, with the dastard's unnecessary cruelty. More signal vengeance they exercised on some wounded Vaudois, whom they discovered concealed among the bushes, and sent to Grenoble to suffer death.

From the heights ascending to Balsille, the Vaudois beheld the smoke of many a burning village—sad tokens of the foe, who were devastating the country ere they left it.

Inspired with indignation at the sight, and determined to punish them, and intercept their escape, Durand advanced, and pointing to the sight beneath, exclaimed:—

"Behold the oppressors' work against an unoffending people! yea, against those of their own faith; and shall we stand tamely and wait here for the free passage their cowardice grants, nor raise our arms in defence of these wretched hamlets? Who, while there is yet time, will descend with me, and boldly strike a death-blow at these brigands?"

A general acclamation showed how welcome was the proposal, but few were prepared for immediate action, and the army already defiling, showed that no time was to be lost in the pursuit. The weather at this time, too, was unfavourable, the cold and damp extreme, while heavy fogs were succeeded by frequent storms of wind and rain; nevertheless, Durand, without delay, advanced, and followed by fifteen hardy mountaineers, entered Perrier. A guard, indeed, met them, the guard which had been left in defence of the rear, while the army broke up to depart; but a distant sight of a Vaudois rifle was enough, and without waiting to offer any resistance, or estimate the number of their assailants, they fled, leaving entrenchments behind them which convinced the handful of their pursuers, that here, indeed, but for the panic which had so completely unmanned their foes, they must have been baffled. After burning these fortifications, which might again become formidable to their cause, they rejoined the main body, and returned to Prali and Bodoret, where messengers informed

them that a body of the French army, eight thousand strong, had crossed the bridge of Salabertraum, with the intention of falling upon them, but hearing that the Spanish army had invested Cazal, they had withdrawn. This good news would have heartily rejoiced them but for sad accounts from Bobi, that the enemy had entered, and the companions they left there had barely had time to escape.

Deeply grieved at this, Durand summoned a council of war, and communicating the fatal intelligence, gathered the opinions of the multitude. These united in a determination to send a detachment of eighty men towards the convent of Angrogna, which, by diverting the attention of the enemy, would facilitate their brethren's escape.

Little did Durand think, when despatching this party, whose safety might be endangered by it. It was many hours before sunrise that they started, arriving within sight of Pignerol just as the mountains were sparkling with the first rays of the rising sun. Here they stopped,

sending spies to reconnoitre the enemy; and perceiving some peasants among the rocks, gave chace and pursued them to the very walls of the convent, where they were received by such fierce volleys, that they thought it prudent to retreat, and take up their quarters in the Pra del Tor, close to the untenanted castle whence their foes had so lately issued. Dread thoughts of vengeance were in their breasts as they viewed the gloomy pile of building before them; but how would these have been increased, could they have known that, but a few days before, their pastor's daughter had been incarcerated there!

They could not be so near without visiting a spot which had been so fraught with terrors to them, and so long their enemies' stronghold. They found it wholly deserted, and only traces remaining of the corps which had so lately occupied it. No time had they to mark its fortifications, or inspect the useless luxuries left by the Marquis; still less dared they enrich themselves with the spoils, in opposition to their leader's strict orders to abstain from all plunder, save for

necessary food; and aware that a strong body of cavalry lay at St. Germains, they hastened to fire the castle, and rapidly retreat.

Quickly the mouldering ruins ignited, and fed the flames, which every moment increased in fury, till, reaching the storehouse, in which a provision of powder had been made, it instantly blew up, utterly destroying the castle, casting huge fragments into the air, and tearing up those very dungeons, the strength of which seemed calculated to defy both time and art. The explosion was terrific, and the Vaudois started to hear it, while the enemy crossed themselves at the sound, though they were unconscious of its cause, and the walls of Angrogna shook with the report.

Hastening from the spot, lest the noise should draw the enemy upon them, they marched again in the direction of Lucerne, with the view of assisting their deserted brethren; but messengers from Durand met them with orders to burn the adjacent villages, and thus deprive their foes of a refuge absolutely necessary in the approaching inclement season. Returning to execute the com-

mand, they discovered three hundred of their opponents on the summit of the mountain, and eagerly endeavoured to reach the highest point before them, which formed the most advantageous position. This, however, they failed in, and were exposed to a heavy fire; notwithstanding which, they acquitted themselves with successful bravery, till the darkness of night put an end to the action, and they mounted the Infernet Alp, whence, finding it impossible to penetrate the Val St. Martin, they rejoined Durand, with the main corps at Villeseche, who were gathering in the vintage; while the inhabitants of Pragelas recognised their rights, so far as to pay them a stipulated sum for permission to work their vineyards. A detachment of one hundred and sixteen men marched from thence, for the purpose of chasing a guard left in defence of the peasants now collecting their stores of grapes and chestnuts. The morning had but newly dawned when they reached Girbaud, and silently approaching close to the encampment, they beheld the troop firing at a target. Strong, handsome young men,

equipped in gorgeous martial attire, the officers practised themselves, or watched the men performing the same exercise. One, a better marksman than the rest, triumphantly exclaimed, as he hit the mark, "Ah! had that aim been but a Barbet's heart!" But the rash words were scarcely uttered, when he sprung from the ground and fell dead. The fatal shot was instantly followed by a rapid dropping fire from among the bushes, every carbine as true to its aim as if the marksman had been coolly marking deer or wild boar for their prey. Calling to arms, the officers summoned their men, and many fell thus employed, while the rest, when they saw each bullet take effect, without waiting to discover the number of their assailants, fled into the town and gave the alarm. Both peasants and soldiers, at the news, fled in consternation across the Bridge of Pinache, which they then cut away to prevent further pursuit. The precaution, however, was needless, for they had entered the territory of France, and the object of the Vaudois was confined solely to the repossession of those valleys,

over which they asserted a right. On re-entering Villeseche, they were greeted by the appearance of a body advancing towards them, whom they recognised as the comrades they had left at Bobi, under the command of Captain Buffe, and who, after surmounting innumerable dangers, had descended into the Val Perouse, and there maintained a fierce encounter with the French. After one short struggle, the latter fled, leaving many prisoners in the Vaudois' hands; but scrupulous in his sense of justice, their leader would not permit these to be molested, because they were subjects of the King of France, who had not yet openly declared himself against them.

Together, the two victorious companies entered the little town of Perouse; whose inhabitants, scarcely yet aware of what had taken place, were waiting to greet the conquerors, whichever they might be, and invite the friendship it was so important to them to engage.

The prisoners still accompanied them, but to their joy and surprise they received their discharge, and were dismissed. Two of the number

were, however, detained; around whom the mountaineers crowded with dark looks of fierce revenge.

"There is no hope for them—no pardon," cried Captain Buffe, motioning aside those whom he fancied were about to intercede in their behalf. "They are murderers, and must die."

By his orders, a gibbet was immediately erected, and as the crowd opened to admit the executioners to pass, the captives were disclosed to view, clinging to each other in dismay—they were Jean Gras and his sister. Casting themselves on the ground, they wildly implored pardon, and sought to reach and clasp the captain's knees. But stern justice had no ear for them, and recoiling as from a serpent's touch, Buffe ordered their execution to be quick.

Some moments ensued, during which their shrieks and abject entreaties resounded through the air, piercing even above the execrations of the crowd; then total silence declared that the last awful moment was over, and the souls of the renegade pair were gone to give their account of

the deeds of those lives they had perjured themselves to preserve.

Yet, once again, the Marquis de Parelles determined to make an effort to destroy the bold peasants, who had well nigh effected their purpose ; and collecting all his forces, marched over the Col de Bussu; but he was too late. The Vaudois had abandoned Villeseche ere he reached it, and in safety beheld, from Brisset, the glare of the conflagration to which he condemned it; thence, rushing to the attack, they forced him to fall back on Pomaret, where he encamped under the protection of strong fortifications at Rioclaret and Zarra, from whence he made every exertion to prevent the Vaudois from collecting and laying up their stores in Bodoret ; but in vain, for they had established a flying camp, whose bravery disconcerted every attempt at disturbing them, and led to the capture of many a convoy, whose stores most opportunely enriched them.

Now, indeed, their labour was over, the meed of their bold exertions won; and the Vaudois

were again in possession of their principal valley, stored, too, with every requisite supply for the approaching winter. Comparatively slight, too, had been their loss, for fitted by their mode of life for such warfare, and accustomed by it to a reliance on individual dexterity and coolness, they were more than a match for their foes ; but they referred all their success to the God of Armies, and with hearts overflowing with gratitude, and confirmed in faith, they lifted up the hymn of thanksgiving, though its words were inadequate to express the feelings whence they sprung. They knelt again in that favourite land, once more invoked the protection of Him in whom they had not vainly trusted ; and tears rolled down the rough faces of those hardy mountaineers, whose hearts had never quailed in danger, or sunk in sorrow. One, indeed, was missing, amid the congregated band; they sought for him, wondering that, in the hour of joy and success, he should absent himself from them. It was not that Durand could not enter into their

feelings, but that a darker anguish was at his heart, and he dared not trust himself to witness their delight; for a voice was whispering with thrilling accents there, "Where was she who had so longed for this hour? and why was she not there to share it? she who had sacrificed all to his wishes and feelings?—Where too was the pastor and his devoted band? Could they ever hope to meet again? and if they did, how should he meet that dread inquiry—'Where is my child?'"

A feeling of agony came over him, and he covered his face in uncontrollable anguish, that none witnessed. Then, by a strong effort, governing himself, he muttered:—"Yes! these my comrades are all safe now, and my mission, as far as it concerned them, is accomplished; and I will go; yes, I will go alone, in search of Arnaud. Perhaps, I may save the father, though, I have lost the daughter!—and welcome, ay, welcome death, in such an attempt!"

Thus saying, he joined the rest, and with

that decided tone of resolution, which forbids all remonstrance, announced his intention; and firmly refusing the offered companionship of any, hurriedly bade them farewell; and recommending them to that Providence, to whom alone he looked for his own safety, started on his sad and perilous expedition.

CHAPTER VI.

By the open window of a house on the outskirts of Turin, sat a lady gazing on the scene without, which might well claim her observation. The rays of the meridian sun beamed on the white walls of many a stately palace; the vintage-grounds beneath were peopled by a crowd of busy peasants, whose song, wafted by the breeze, told of joyous and contented hearts. The unclouded sky's deep azure was reflected on the river Po, and its waves washed shores which gladdened the eye by their fertility; and mountains rose beyond in refreshing whiteness against the horizon. But neither the cheerful landscape,

nor the moving river, nor the vintage-song of the peasant, seemed to engage that lady's attention: and when she rose from her seat and closed the window, her eyes retained the same fixed and melancholy expression.

Books were on the table, materials for writing, tokens of some friend's solicitude to please, but nothing that denoted any object of particular interest, unless, indeed, it were one volume, which lay open with marks of frequent use, and which its owner took with a deep, deep sigh, and tried to read; but still her gaze was listless, and the book dropped unnoticed on her lap.

Her dress, in the costume of the country, was dark and perfectly plain, her general appearance more pleasing than beautiful, unless when (if suddenly roused) her blue eye gleamed, and every feature played with varied expression; but now it was perfectly still, and a tear trickled slowly down her cheek.

The burning drop, falling on her hand,

awakened her attention, and wiping it away, she said,

"Tears! what have I to do with tears, when they perhaps are struggling for life or death?

"Oh, my father! thy age, thy strength is failing beneath thy bold exertions; and I, with youth and health to help thee, must stay here in useless inactivity! 'Tis true, no fetter, no outward bolt detains me, and one spring from yonder casement might set me free to wander back to all I love; but my plighted word, more powerful than chains, retains me a captive against my will, a captive amid luxuries I loathe; alone—alone—ever alone, except when——" She shuddered, and again was silent; but a milder feeling rose in that deep meditation, and when she raised her head from her sheltering hands, a change had come over her expression, which lit it up with a feeling akin to hope.

Perhaps those moments had been spent in prayer, for she whispered, "Yes! make but this trial conducive to their interests; give me but

the means of promoting their noble cause, and I will neither murmur nor shrink, but welcome any suffering to myself!"

The day wore on, still the lady remained alone, except for the moment in which some attendants brought, and again, in silence, removed her repast. It appeared that the apartment and the enclosed garden beneath formed the boundary of her movements, for a sentinel occasionally paced the latter, and another stood without the door; but as evening drew on, there were voices in the antechamber, and a sound of soldiers presenting arms, indicated the approach of some one.

Marie (for it was she) rose to receive her visiter, and stood in an attitude of cold respect as the Duke of Savoy entered. He bade her be seated, but she declined the permission, and still remained standing before him, while he addressed her in a voice of tremulous agitation, ill suited to the position he held towards her as his prisoner.

"Will nothing reconcile you, Mademoiselle Arnaud, to your situation here, nothing excite your gratitude and regard? Your life, Marie,

was in my power, and while all demanded it as a first expiation for your error, I listened not, but granted the boon you asked, and is not that life thus saved by me my own, have I not still power over it? and yet——"

"Sire," interrupted Marie, "it is true, you were permitted by God to do an act of mercy in saving my life, and you did so. I am grateful that it is yet mine, but the greater boon, that which would make it valuable in my eyes, you have withheld. What," she continued, with sudden energy; "what are all these luxuries with which I am surrounded, to me? They but remind me that the hand which has saved me, which would minister to my comfort, oppresses those who are most dear; and they are all, therefore, hateful in my sight! Stay, sire, stay the sword of persecution raised against my people, and I will be grateful—ay, grateful, with a warmth of feeling you could scarcely measure!"

The animation these words called forth, gave a loveliness to her countenance difficult to describe; and the Duke gazed with such evident

admiration, that she stopped, and crimson blushes covered her face.

"Nay, Marie," said he, "hush not the musical voice I love to hear, even though it speak in accents of reproach to me; but say on, teach me the way to deserve your gratitude, to earn your—love!"

But Marie was effectually silenced, and regaining her composure, stood motionless as a statue before him.

Some minutes passed; and then with passionate eagerness, Victor exclaimed:

"Marie, you are mine; you are in my power; the life I saved is at my discretion, and who would blame me for taking that of a Vaudois? again, I repeat, you are in my power!"

"Even so, sire," said the prisoner, "and I am ready to die!"

"No," he added with vehemence, "not for my pleasure shall you die—but live; yes—live, Marie!—thus—thus you are mine!"

His eye flashed, his voice was hoarse with emotion, and the expression of his face was one of almost demoniac excitement; but she did not

quail, and calmly returning gaze for gaze, she replied,

"Only my life: my life, indeed, is in your power—but nothing more; and that," she added with solemnity, "will be ready at its appointed hour." She looked upwards with an expression of submission—the feeling that it could only be surrendered at the will of Him who gave it was unshaken; and her thoughts fixed on its Author, cared not for the instruments He appointed!

The Duke rose, seized her hands; she did not tremble, but said, with a tone of sovereign command,

"Let go your grasp, my liege; violence is vain, I can defend myself—I am not alone"—and she looked up again with so full and confiding a gaze, that Victor shrunk back amazed. There was something supernatural about her calmness—the shield which faith never invokes in vain, and whose influence was unknown to him. And when again, after a considerable pause, he addressed her, it was with an involuntary respect which strangely contrasted with his former manner.

"No, Marie, you mistake me, not by violence would I effect my object, nor receive that by compulsion which I so ardently desire to win. Fair as is that form, I do not desire to possess it without its better part. See, I no longer command as your sovereign, I sue as your humblest slave, captive myself to you, who are a less merciful conqueror than I have been. Oh! tell me how to earn your regard; I will work for it in what way you please, give up at your command my interest, my ambition, my very throne, if you desire it, provided you will share with me my home, and gladden it with your smiles! Nay, Marie, turn not away, suffer not the blush of scorn to mantle on your cheek. A prouder monarch has made similar, and not unsuccessful offers to a subject, and none have blamed her consent, nor wondered at his choice."

"Oh, hush!" said Marie; "hush, my liege, for your own sake—for mine; forbear, and subdue fancies in your heart it were unworthy of you to indulge. Never, never can I listen, never consent to what you urge, and our relative positions

should teach you to discard the thought. Leave me," she continued, "and send me to some lone prison, where I can expiate in solitude the crime of being a Vaudois, and escape solicitations which are all in vain."

"No, Marie—not in vain. Listen," he added, "I offer you once again—your own conditions—and this time ask you to think not of yourself nor of me, but of those whose claims you have so often and eloquently urged—your countrymen—your father. Hear me—the hour that wins your consent, shall see those deeds once more signed, that grant to your people, the exercise of their religion, the possession of their valleys, the free gift of what they call their rights—restore your father to your arms, and give you the happy conviction of having alone attained for them, what they have so vainly toiled and bled to recover!"

"Nay, answer me not now—I leave you to reflect on what I have offered. In a few days, at this hour, I return to meet your smiles, and listen to the willing accents of your consent—Marie! farewell." He rose, and seemed to supplicate one

look of kindness, one parting token of forgiveness, but she only curtsied low with a subject's due reverence to her prince, nor once raised the eyes she had bent in painful thought upon the floor.

Slowly, the Duke turned to the door, and retired. Once more she heard the guards presenting arms; and then, heaving a deep sigh and whispering, "It is over, he is gone—thank God!" she covered her face with her hands, and the over-excited feelings found vent in a flood of welcome tears.

Marie had spent a month in that solitary abode, during which time she had had to endure the almost daily visits of the Duke, and the suspense, which he refused to satisfy, respecting the fate of her countrymen. Sometimes the thought of her father—of his anxiety for her—would well-nigh overwhelm her, and at others a wild hope sprung up in her breast of a happy future yet in store, to be shared with them, though how or when it would arise, she could not calculate; for never had she listened to the Duke's

propositions, nor dreamt the purchase of their freedom could be estimated at the price of her honour; but this night dark thoughts were busy at her heart, and through its long, long hours, the sleepless captive thought of her own dear valleys, the rejoicing of her companions once more re-established by their own hearths, their privileges secured, their happiness complete; and a busy fiend whispered there, "And these may all be theirs, and thy gift!" And what, compared to such an end, were any sacrifice of self? She pondered over it till sense itself seemed wavering beneath the oppressive burden; then rising from her couch, threw open the window, and gazed on the scene without. All there was calm and quiet, not a breath stirred, the twinkling stars seemed the only moving things in that still atmosphere. It testified of its Creator, and spoke in soothing accents to the troubled heart which gazed. Involuntarily, as her whole soul filled with admiration, she whispered, "He has made all things pure, and shall I do evil, that good may come of it? Ah, no! Motives only are

mine, and accountable to Him alone. I will not, dare not, look to consequences. I cannot control. My father! thou didst leave thy child spotless and pure, and even so shalt thou find her again. But here I cannot stay—no, not here. It is not fitting I should be subjected to such persecutions, such temptations, not to save *my* life, but theirs. Oh! better far the solitary dungeon, with all its horrors, (which my weak heart quailed at, but where my duty, plainly marked out, consisted merely in patient endurance,) than this lighter captivity, in which I must act on my own unaided judgment."

She paused awhile, with her eyes raised to the spacious firmament, as though they would pierce its depths. Then, more composed, she again sought her couch, saying, "Yes, it is past. The doubt has fled; not at such a cost must their safety be redeemed, not even thy life, my father!"

The agitation, the previous anguish, was over, and Marie slept. Good angels watched around

her couch, and though she saw them not, a host encompassed her, whose invisible power guarded her from inward evil, and from outward harm.

Meanwhile, Victor Amadeus had returned to his palace; but neither the festal gaieties which awaited him, nor the courtiers' unceasing adulations, could dispel the gloom which overcast his brow; dark cares oppressed him; his crooked policy had entangled him in a net, from which he could not extricate himself; and while he felt that Louis daily encroached upon him, he beheld the allied army assume a more formidable and threatening appearance, and trembled for the result; while conscience, awakened by the sight of Marie Arnaud, whispered that a just retribution must await his persecution of the Vaudois.

That very night, an unexpected arrival surprised the court, and confirmed rumours which had already reached it, of disasters at Del Tor.

The Marchioness di Pianezza, accompanied but by few attendants, and in a condition which showed how rapid had been her journey, arrived, and demanded an immediate audience of the

Duke. Late as it was, her urgent request was granted; and she who was so lately the flower of his court, was conducted to his reception-chamber, but so changed, so altered, during the short time that had elapsed since he had seen her, that Victor almost started, as he graciously received her, and begged her to be seated.

So rapid had been her journey, so anxious had been her desire to lose no time in obtaining an interview, that she had not even waited to change her travelling attire before she appeared in his presence.

Her hair, loose and dishevelled, hung about her, and her graceful form was disguised in the folds of a dark mantle; and though pale, and so evidently exhausted by her journey, that she could scarcely support herself, she yet refused the offered seat, and stood, while she said, with a voice of emotion,

"Sire, pardon this bold intrusion; but I come myself the bearer of sad tidings, which I dare no longer withhold—come to tell you misfortune has attended the arms of the once successful

Pianezza, and—that—I alone remain to tell—that —he is no more!"

"Pianezza dead!" exclaimed the Duke, "how?—when?"

"Sire, he was wounded at Vachère, and breathed his last at Pomaret."

The Duke was deeply affected by this intelligence; for personally attached to the young Marquis, he had also depended on his valour and assistance in the exigencies which none could doubt were approaching; and now, at a blow, without one moment's warning, all was annihilated, and the strong arm, the gallant spirit, laid for ever powerless in the dust.

Neither spoke for some moments, and then Anima broke the silence with a rapid and unnatural enunciation, which betrayed the strong emotion within.

"Sire, I stand before you as Pianezza's widow, burning to disburden my bosom of a secret which oppresses it, even though, in so doing, I shall forfeit your favour, and the consideration of all others, when it is known that I, too, belong to

the hated and despised sect now persecuted in the valleys. Here I abjure the vows which were wrung from my weakness and inexperience, and voluntarily surrender my heritage and my title, that I may resume once more the name of Vaudois, which the constancy of my ancestors, the perseverance of my countrymen, has invested with fresh dignity!"

The Duke listened with an astonishment which prevented his replying, and she continued—

"Sire, if guilty in your sight, here I willingly give myself up to punishment—to imprisonment, glad even on such terms once more to resume a profession my heart never abjured; but now, while I have yet access to your Majesty's ear, I throw myself a suppliant at your feet, to implore your mercy, your clemency—not for myself, but for my people, your innocent and still faithful subjects. Oh! listen," she continued, kneeling low before him, "listen to a prayer you will never repent having granted! Renew the charter you once gave, and restore to their privileges a people who, till all was wrenched from

them, served you with inviolate allegiance! For myself, perhaps these eyes will never more behold, or this voice address you; but let me bear you in my memory, and in my prayers, as the benefactor of my people! And oh! there is one, (and in this city,) a prisoner, sent by my husband hither the companion, the friend of my early years. For her I now clasp your knees, and beseech you to tell me that I am yet in time to implore your mercy and forgiveness! Tell me, in the name of Heaven, that Marie Arnaud has not paid the penalty of her generous self-sacrifice for me!"

"She lives!" hurriedly replied the Prince.

"Thank Heaven!" she exclaimed, "then grant, oh! grant that that precious life may yet be spared for which I would willingly lay down my own; or, if she be doomed to a lingering captivity in the horrors of a loathsome dungeon, let me—yes, let me—share it with her, and there let us breathe forth together our gratitude to him who mitigated our punishments by permitting us mutually to partake them."

Rising, regardless of her attitude, the Duke

paced the apartment for some moments, then turning to the spot where the Marchioness still knelt, gently raised her, and hesitatingly whispered,

"Be comforted, be calm, my dear friend; a tide may turn in the affairs of nations, and Victor will not then forget the claims of justice. But, at present, it is impossible to grant your request, the importance of which you cannot estimate. With regard to Mademoiselle Arnaud, she is safe, nor need her situation demand any great commiseration. In time, when you have recovered your exhaustion, you shall see her, and learn from her own lips if her captor has been harsh and unmerciful. But for a few days, let me beseech you, Marchioness, to remain in the quiet privacy your condition requires—and—by that time—" (he added, in a more faltering voice)—"circumstances may have arisen to render the declaration you are resolved on making, less extrordinary than it would now appear."

"No!" said Anima, with dignity, "I shall not wait to make that just reparation for my errors till circumstances disarm it of its difficulties; and

the assertion I have made here I am ready, ay, anxious to repeat publicly, that the world may know the Marchioness di Pianezza neither fears to own herself a Vaudois, nor to justify her early training as Anima di Solara!"

Thus closed the conference; and accepting the Duke's gracious offer of her former apartments, Anima withdrew, grateful for, and surprised at, the success of the interview.

CHAPTER VII.

When Anima again enjoyed the comfort of retirement, and had somewhat rested from her fatigue, the remembrance of all that had passed in her interview with the Duke, came forcibly to her mind, and though she was eager to see Marie, the great excitement, and the rapid alternations of hope and fear she had undergone, had so materially affected her health, that, for some days, she was quite unequal to make any exertion. These were passed in the uninterrupted seclusion of her own chamber, where she escaped hearing the reports which formed the daily subject of discussion at court, respecting the strange and

undecided conduct of the Duke in his foreign negotiations, and his frequent visits to the mysterious person, who was suspected of being one of the hated sect. The death of the Marquis di Pianezza, and the unexpected failure of his expedition, however, accounted sufficiently for his widow's return; and as yet her determination was unknown. Meantime, Marie Arnaud was preparing herself for one great object of existence, by a calm and serious meditation that gave to her character all that it needed before. She was learning the great duty of passive resignation, the humble spirit of acquiescence in God's decree; even submission, to remain quiet when her whole heart and disposition would have led her to act. She had deeply considered all the circumstances of her last interview with the Duke, and had detected the sophistry that would have led her to a self-sacrifice in favour of her countrymen which involved her own moral rectitude. "No," said she, "not out of the path of duty must I dare to tread, and expect success in the bold adventure. Their cause is with Him who

ordereth all things aright, nor is it for me to meddle in it!"

Bitterly indeed was she now expiating a former similar weakness: and reason often told her that she had erred in leaving Bobi to seek Del Tor, and at times would even whisper she ought never to have been solicited to go; and then she probed her own heart with the christian's jealous care, and blushed to see its depths. The right hand, the right eye, were still there to be cut off, to be plucked out, and she prayed God to help her—but she knew not how near the trial was!

A message informing her that the Marchioness di Pianezza was in Turin, and anxious to see her, and even fixing an early hour for her visit, declared the crisis come. It was strange within those prison-walls to meet the rival again, for whose sake she now suffered, and had renounced so much; and a shudder, that betrayed the existence of former feelings, passed over her frame as she heard the news.

At first the natural feeling of delight at having once more a companion of her own sex, and that

an early friend, stifled other sensations, but reflection brought a sting, and she beheld in Anima the idol of Durand's imagination; the being who had attained the goal she had so ardently desired to reach; and as the hour drew near, she almost wished to avoid the interview.

The moment came: she heard a step on the stairs, and an instant only elapsed before the two friends were once more clasped in each other's arms, and Marie started when Anima asked—"Hast thou—canst thou have forgiven me?" for conscience whispered that the question might have been hers; and the whole current of emotion turning at the thought, a full flood of tender affection rushed into her heart, and with a fervent sincerity words could not have illustrated, she once more strained her to her heart, with a sister's fond embrace.

"Marie," faltered Anima, "I have sinned, and I have wandered from the right path! But—I return, to leave it no more. Again a Vaudois in heart and name, receive me! Let me share your existence—the past all forgotten. I have nothing

now to keep me from my original destination, and Providence, in severing me from other ties, has re-united the links which circumstances had broken. A widow, with none to depend on my care or sweeten my existence, receive me, a lone wanderer, into the fold I have strayed from, to share in whatever fate may befal it. Be it peril or captivity, still let me prove that I feel the severest trials would be but a meet and welcome penalty for the apostacy I can never cease to deplore!"

Like a lightning's flash, a truth broke on Marie's mind at these words, and the colour fled from her face; this, then, was the crisis of her fate, and her mind at once presaged a future which had appeared impossible. But she was silent, and only pressed Anima's hand with a kindness, the self-denial of which none but herself knew.

There was much on both sides to be told in that conference, but circumstances were interwoven with her own history which she could not relate to such a hearer; and she gladly took refuge from the theme in learning the eventful tale

of all that had befallen the Marchioness since the days of their early parting. Nor did the latter shrink from confessing the weakness, the follies, the temptations of those days; and the hour passed, to which the visit had been limited, ere Marie had been able to give more than a general sketch of the events which had happened to the Vaudois She even contrived to avoid touching on her fatal visit to Del Tor, and thus gained time to strengthen herself for subjects her soul involuntarily shrank from; but ere they parted, a remembrance came over her heart, which made her turn with energy to the Marchioness, saying, " Anima, I beseech you return and be with me as much as you can. Oh ! if you knew to what my dreadful solitude exposes me, you would try to save me from it !" Crimson blushes covered her face as she spoke, and her earnest expression of entreaty shewed how momentous was the request.

" I will, I will return, dearest Marie," said the Marchioness; " would that I were permitted to soften your captivity by sharing it !"

When Marie thought in private of all that the

Marchioness had told her, she saw that all obstacles were now removed to the fulfilment of Durand's early hopes, and she felt this to be her opportunity for proving the reality of her affection. "If," thought she to herself, "I have indeed truly loved him, how should I rejoice at that which will be the consummation of his happiness —how try to promote it! and be the means of uniting two hearts which circumstances alone have divided. If, indeed, he yet exists—ah! fearful doubt, which involves so much of my own happiness. Alas! with him, if he has perished, falls our cause, and with it he who is dearer, yet dearer than all!" And Marie wept with uncontrollable anguish at the thought of her father.

The morning came, and with it a visit from the Duke; but Marie's thoughts had been too much occupied to think of self, and imagination had had no time to conjure up fear ere the royal guest arrived; and elevated by the noble influence of determined self-renunciation, she felt armed for any trial. Her countenance in consequence was beaming with an expression so akin to joy as she

received him, that Victor flattered himself his suit was about to be granted. He took her hand, raised it to his lips, and sat beside her with a manner so devoted and respectful that it could inspire no terror in his captive's bosom ; and as she recollected all it implied, a feeling allied to pity passed through her mind for him. She could sympathize but too truly in disappointed love, and grieved to inflict a wound of which she knew the poignancy.

Victor Amadeus did not require the adventitious aid of high birth and station to entitle him to attention. Still pleasing in person and fascinating in address, he had rather gained than lost popularity with advancing years, and though his wavering and irresolute character often perplexed his ministers, and alienated the friends who saw the moral turpitude and evil consequences of such conduct, there was yet much to attach in his disposition, which might have adorned a more private station with many endearing qualities. Kind-hearted and affectionate, brave, and even generous at times, it was moral energy and

courage that he wanted, and the weak spirit sought eagerly for support, but in vain. Content to be the tool of another, and then repentant for the weakness, he was far from being happy ; and perhaps of all his subjects of regret the bitterest was his persecution of his faithful subjects in Piedmont, whom conscience accused him of having sacrificed to interest, even while his inclination and all his sense of justice was in their favour.

Strange is it that the mind whose weakness shrinks from doing what it knows to be right, will yet fearlessly, yea, even boldly act in the performance of evil !

In Marie Arnaud the heart of Victor met all it required, and from the first moment of beholding that open brow, and hearing from those eloquent lips the evidence of the firm spirit within, his soul acknowledged her superiority, and longed for her aid. Subsequent proofs of her character strengthened this desire, and he was ready to sacrifice any thing for its gratification.

Little, however, could he estimate the difficulties in his path, difficulties neither gold nor

ambition could conquer—for though capable of admiring, he could not understand the lofty character of Marie; and when he discovered that neither pomp nor wealth, nor even life, had attractions for her, he deemed that the incentive of patriotism might actuate her, and too flattering hope whispered, now he must succeed.

"Marie," said he, addressing her after a few moments of silence on either side, "I am come to obtain your answer to the request which I would fain believe is granted; I am come to sign what charter you will for your people, and I promise it shall be enforced. I am come," he added in a tenderer tone "to claim the heart I have won!"

He took her hand, and softly pressing it, gazed into her face; but the expression he met there was earnest and sad in its unalterable resolution, and she slowly replied;—

"My liege, what you require is impossible; never, never can I consent to what you have proposed, nor purchase my people's liberty at the price of crime!"

"Crime, Marie?—it is not crime! I would not, dare not urge such to you; I offer you no disgrace, no dubious situation, but an honourable, though private marriage, under a title which will ensure your respectability and conceal your identity."

But to the simple hearted being he addressed, there was sin in the bare idea: and a deep blush of shame crimsoned her pure forehead, as she whispered, "A secret marriage!—a borrowed name! This to me, my liege!"

She covered her face, and felt so painfully degraded by the mere proposal, that involuntary tears gushed from her eyes and trickled down the hands with which she strove to hide them; then, recovering herself, added, "My sovereign! you are a parent,—say, could you have borne that your child—the child of that wife you loved and have lately mourned in death—the fair young Duchess of Burgundy, who smiled on you in infancy, and loved you in girlhood, should have entered into such bonds as you propose to me? No, no; you would not! Learn, too, that not

one of my injured people would value their freedom at the expense of the virtue of their pastor's daughter; nor would Heaven bless a compact thus dishonourably sealed. I, and my people, can but die; and our sufferings here must be short, compared to the eternity we dare not endanger!"

Though surprised and disappointed, the Duke listened with an attention riveted by admiration for her high and noble sentiments, which stifled all other feelings; and when again he spoke, it was with a faltering tone, which showed how entirely his hopes were annihilated.

"Will time, Marie," he added, "will the most devoted attention to your wishes, ever succeed in altering this fatal decision? No longer as a bribe, as an inducement, do I venture to offer even your country's restitution; but as a free, unconditional gift, which you shall bestow yourself, whenever you will; but, oh! say, will not a tenderer remembrance be entwined with the joy with which you will dispense these benefits, of him who enabled you to do so? In your own land, Marie, will you not look back on the sovereign who

saved your life, and though scorned when he asked for your affection, did not refuse to grant the boon you desired, even at the risk of his own dominions' safety? Will you not think of his devotion, and in time, say, will you not return to Turin, and grant the boon he so humbly asks?"

Victor rose from his seat, and approaching, bent, as if to kneel before her; but Marie suddenly, hastily prevented him, "Nay, my sovereign," said she, "not to me—not thus—it were unfitting, and in vain. Think not," she added, "that I am insensible to the honour you have conferred on me, unthankful for the immeasurable benefits to my people, or incapable of appreciating the generosity with which they are bestowed. As your subject—as a creature so deeply indebted to you, that words will never convey her feelings—I shall ever remember you with gratitude, ay, even with affection—the affection due to my greatest earthly benefactor and friend. Be, then, content with that; be satisfied to feel that one heart through life will beat with the plenitude of its holiest feelings for you, will live

to serve you on earth, and pray for you to Heaven, while, with her, a nation of grateful hearts will bless their sovereign and forget the past!

"Seek not to diminish the greatest happiness a human being can know--that of being sole author of another's joy, without one particle of reservation for self! Forget that we have ever met, or remember it only to feel that you have acted towards my people as becomes the generosity of a prince!"

"Forget you, Marie! Impossible, your very words, your wishes, now increase my love at the moment of losing its object, and make me desire more ardently than before to possess your heart."

"Never," said Marie firmly, "never can it be yours!" Her voice faltered, and her eye sunk beneath his gaze, for her thoughts wandered back to other scenes, where stood, revealed in all his attaching qualities, its sovereign lord.

The Duke fixed his eyes with a penetrating look upon her, and then said hurriedly, almost angrily, "Marie, that heart, you mean to

imply, can never be mine — because — it is another's?"

There was a painful pause, and Marie trembled as she stood before him, her eyes bent on the ground in speechless silence.

"And you go," he resumed, in a fiercer tone, "you return to your valleys, enabled by me to confer that happiness on another, I have vainly sought."

"I do, my liege!—I do!"

"Marie," exclaimed the Duke with reproachful accents, "can you thus joyously declare such a purpose to me?"

"Yes! sire, I can. Oh! listen," she added, "turn not thus angrily away." And she detained him with so soft and tender an address, that Victor felt chained to the spot.

"I go, indeed, to confer happiness on another, on two devoted hearts who were destined for each other from infancy, who were created for each other's society, and whom you indeed would enable me to bless; and what if my own heart were once crushed beneath vain hopes, and

false imaginations? It shall not glow the less ardently now, because a different way is chosen for it to fulfil the happiness of another, than in its blindness it had intended!"

"What, Marie! is it possible? Can any have possessed such a treasure, and been insensible to its value?"

"Hush, hush my liege, inquire no further into feelings none have a right to penetrate; and learn from me that the test of perfect love is, that it centres all its happiness in that of its object, and to promote that, delights in self-renunciation!"

"Noble Marie! Oh! make me like yourself, teach me from that fund of excellence within your soul, to model my actions after yours!"

But Marie silenced him. She wished to end the interview which had been so agitating to her, and so important to her people; she begged him to depart, and without delay fulfil the generous promises he had made to her, that they might immediately profit by them, and he obeyed, for she had that hour gained over him,

the despotic empire of a superior mind, and her least word was now his law. But, ere he went, she begged he would speedily obtain for her a visit from the Marchioness di Pianezza, and then kneeling before him, with a grace which made even that lowly action dignified, she took his hand, and raising it to her lips, kissed it fervently, saying:—

"Sire, in the hour of sorrow, remember that a subject's most ardent prayers are yours, together with her most anxious desire to prove her gratitude, though at the risk of life itself."

Then rising, she motioned him to depart, and without one other word, Victor left the apartment, affected alike with wonder and regret.

Some hours elapsed, but of such exquisite joy, that the moments seemed to fly on eagle's wings, as Marie pictured to herself the uncheckered happiness of all she loved, and with a thankfulness she could not express, felt that she had contributed to it.

At length, Anima arrived, bearing a parchment

from the Duke, of the contents of which she was yet ignorant. But Marie, rushing to meet her, beheld not the documents; the delight of obtaining the sympathy of friendship in her joy overcame each overstrained feeling, and falling on her neck she burst into a flood of hysteric tears. The strong emotion passed, and though incoherent at first, the full tide now found vent in words; and she could explain, that Victor had proved himself a just and generous prince, and at her earnest entreaty had promised to restore the charter of her land.

"Ay," interrupted Anima, "promised—and fulfilled the promise. See," she added, "the paper I have been commanded to present, and let us examine the contents together."

It was indeed the charter of the Vaudois' liberties, the renewal of their privileges, and with it the necessary safeconduct to enable Mademoiselle Arnaud and the Marchioness di Pianezza to be the bearers of the precious document; and as she read to the end, Marie earnestly said—

"And you will go with me, dearest Anima; you will return to the land of your birth, and there remain to gladden us by your presence, and be cheered by our fond, unchanged affection. You will return to acknowledge once more my father's parental rights over his adopted child, and to receive the tokens of more than friendship in Walter?

"Ah, Anima!" added she, "you know not, you cannot know the love they feel for you, nor can you yet estimate the preponderating happiness, which affection can confer, over all that gilds existence with more glittering, but less lasting joys! Anima," she continued, passing her arm around her, "for years of long suffering, neither danger nor sorrow, nor even the seemingly insurmountable barrier which circumstances placed between you, have cooled the firm attachment Durand has felt for you.

"It was he who sent to save you from Del Tor; it was he who never wronged your memory by the admission of one fault; nor am I now betraying the confidence he reposed in me alone, when

I tell you that he still loves you, when I ask you to return to Angrogna, and recompense that love!"

Anima did not reply, but buried her burning face in the bosom of her friend; but Marie felt, though words had not declared it, that her wish would in time be granted; and with a long, fervent kiss the compact was sealed between the two friends, while Marie only added, "To-morrow, Anima, we start for Angrogna, start with this precious document! Almighty One! I thank thee!"

CHAPTER VIII.

ARNAUD, when he separated with his companions from the body under Durand, was not ignorant of the danger which awaited him; and indeed at that moment so many were the difficulties of their position, that he did not entertain much hope of ultimate success; though determined to sell life as dearly as possible, he well knew how unwise it would be to suffer any anxiety to appear.

At first every thing combined to daunt their courage. The route they attempted exceeded in difficulty all they had yet experienced; deprived of provisions, their only support was the wild

fruit and berries, chance threw in their way, while skirmishing parties of the enemy, vastly exceeding their own in strength and number, constantly met them; and moreover, a report reached them from some wandering peasants, which wellnigh drove them to despair. It was, that the brethren, the strong body in whom all their hopes centred, had delivered themselves up to the governor of Pignerol, nor was it till after some days that they discovered the fatal intelligence to be false. The pastor perceived how dangerous might be the consequence of such news, and strove to cheer them under these discouraging circumstances by devotional exercises. But these disasters seemed to stimulate them to fresh exertion, and adding the impulse of revenge to that of self-defence, they were the more watchful to seize every opportunity which the darkness of night, or the temporary absence of the enemy afforded, to fall on their provisions and to distress them by sudden and often successful attacks. In some instances they succeeded in firing their fortifications, or destroying the barns

which contained their forage in the vicinity of Bobi. In return, though obliged to retreat before their harassing and concealed foe, the French army demolished every thing which could contribute to the subsistence of the Vaudois; thus obliging them to take refuge in the holes of rocks, where they lived on the provisions chance threw in their way. But not long were they suffered to enjoy even this trifling respite; for collecting the whole force of the environs, the enemy determined to drive them from their retreat.

Arnaud saw at once the uselessness of opposition, and gathering together his little troop, for the purpose of seeking safety in flight, they abandoned Les Paussettes, and hid themselves in the almost inaccessible rocks of the Aiguilles, whence they despatched messengers to the Val St. Martin, in the wild hope of finding some of their brethren able and willing to come to their assistance; but the Vaudois were not destined to find earthly aid, and this failing them, with an apprehension uncommon to their character, they

abandoned the Col de Julien, where they might, in all probability, easily have withstood the foe.

In their fatal haste, they left the few cattle, so essential to their need, with every other article of value they possessed, and amongst these a journal, in which Arnaud had carefully registered each particular of their eventful journey, and every circumstance which might influence their future route.

Now, indeed, all hope was blighted. The foe pressed close on their heels; no tangled thicket, or sheltering wood, promised concealment, and their destruction seemed inevitable, when one of those thick fogs, which had prevailed of late, came on, as if to answer their purpose, and effectually to screen their flight; and within reach, almost within touch of the adverse army, they crept silently along, and reached the Alp de Subiasque, over the edge of which they crawled, amid dense clouds; till night, closing in the scene with impenetrable darkness, hid them even from each other, and in their confusion mistaking

the path, some wandered in the direction of An grogna, while others sought the Val St. Martin.

Morning broke, and found them exhausted by fatigue, and overcome by the cold; but yet they dared not, for fear of discovery, light a fire, nor even come forth to warm their frozen limbs by the genial rays of the sun; and the day lingered, in all the anxiety of suspense, till the welcome night again cast her mantle over the earth, and veiling them from danger, enabled them to resume their perilous progress.

They dared not halt, for the foe was behind; and though fearing to find the pass guarded, they were obliged to proceed to Bastier, which, to their great surprise, they found unprotected, and thence returned to Aiguille, where they maintained so strict a concealment, that it seemed as though they had vanished from the face of the earth; and for some time the enemy believed they were exterminated. But the strictest care could not preserve the secret. Suspicions arose of their existence, and a minute search ensued; but though in possession of the heights, it was

long ere it succeeded, and then only in consequence of some peasants, who knew of their retreat at Essert, betraying them; when, without loss of time, a detachment marched to the spot from Bobi.

As the hunter pursues the wild beast, to drive him from his lair, the Piedmontese army rushed on the devoted band, and, surrounding them, threatened immediate destruction; but high amid the rocks, a ruined building afforded a scanty refuge, and there the little number determined to defend themselves to the last, and sell the lives they believed to be already forfeited, as dearly as possible.

Throughout the day they made a vigorous defence; and, firing through the loopholes of their den, scarcely missed a shot. Evening drew on, and surprised to find they had as yet made no impression, the enemy endeavoured to surround the castle, and, by opening a full fire upon it, annihilate its tenants at once; but the Vaudois made so gallant a sortie, that their foes drew back on either side, leaving a free passage,

through which they issued, favoured by the darkness of night; and, eluding their enemy's pursuit, divided themselves into little parties, which could more easily conceal themselves in various places.

This separation seemed the heaviest trial they had yet endured, and suspense for others a more bitter agony than individual anxiety. Dispersed, half-frozen, deprived of subsistence, all hope faded but trust in Him, who has never disappointed those who sincerely seek him.

Arnaud now looked back with satisfaction, on the arrangement he had made for his daughter; for, when he beheld around him the haggard faces of men, desperate with want, and calculated the slight chances which remained, he felt that a few days must end the fierce struggle; and he could not imagine her fate, whatever it were, could be so bad. He only deeply regretted that he should not again behold her, nor whisper one farewell word to cheer her path of life, with the fond remembrance, when he should be no more.

His next anxiety was for those of his own party, from whom he had been separated; but many days did not elapse without the return of some stragglers, and, one by one, they all re-united, with the exception of twelve, who had been lost in the fog on the Alp de Subiasque.

Unwilling to leave a spot, to which chance might direct their steps, and uncertain where to seek them, Arnaud lingered some days in the Combe Guichard; but the weather had improved, the enemy seemed quiet, and he feared to delay the march, which, at that moment, might be begun with advantage; and as all seemed anxious to advance, he determined to set off. In the midst of dangers, they reached La Lanze, and, passing through its sheltered valley, believed themselves safe from ambuscade, when a shot startled them. Putting themselves in a posture of defence, they prepared for an attack; another, and another followed from invisible hands, and the very rocks seemed peopled with life.

Shouting "Angrogna," they stood resolute

to meet the first onset, but not ere one of them had sunk weltering in his blood. The shout was returned, not, as they expected, with a fresh volley of shots, but a cry of joy; and starting from behind a crag, they beheld a party of their friends, who, on the memorable evening preceding the departure of Marie from Bobi, had deserted from Durand's troop, and ranging themselves under the guidance of Le Bouquetin, had wandered for several weeks in the mountains, in their search after Arnaud, meeting with perils which defied description, and had daily threatened them with death.

Once they had had a fearful encounter with a body of one hundred and twenty-five peasants, but the bold daring, and shrewd aptitude of their leader had told wonderfully, and repulsing them with loss, they had pursued their way with almost miraculous success. Slight indeed was the information they could give of Durand's party, of whom they had heard nothing since their departure: but the past was now forgotten, and the whole body prepared to pass the Col de Julien,

although they doubted about further proceedings.

By the Marquis de Parelle's orders the whole neighbourhood had been devastated by fire as far as Perrier; and the French, to the number of two thousand, were known to have entered the Val St. Martin; while to add to their difficulties a difference of opinion prevailed, the evil effects of which Arnaud at once foresaw and dreaded. Determined to restore unanimity at this important crisis, he addressed them with the authority of his holy office, assembled them in prayer, and then laying before them the true state of their position implored them to lay aside prejudice and party spirit, and unite in concord for the common cause; and enumerating the advantages which rendered La Balsille the most eligible position, he declared his intention of immediately taking possession of it. His firm decision commanded acquiescence without a murmur. They started two hours before the morning dawn, in darkness so intense, that it was only by dint of wearing white cloths over their shoulders that their guides could be distinguished, and by a route so interspersed

by precipices, that they were often forced to have recourse to crawling on hands and feet; but Providence was their guide, and though at a future season they shuddered to behold by daylight the dangers they had passed, they were yet brought safely through every difficulty in the shadows of the night.

At length they reached the fort of Balsille, where they resolved to intrench themselves and rest; nor did they neglect the precious moments of respite granted them. Except in the blessed hour of prayer, when every morning their pastor sought strength for them from above, no hand rested, no moment was wasted in inactivity, as they worked by turns at the fortifications with which they sought to defend the entrance of the fort. They made covered ways, ditches, walls, ramparts covered by terraces raised one above another, which formed an ingenious protection in case of attack; nor did the enemy discover their retreat till all was completed.

Towards the end of October the French occupied all the principal posts in Val St. Martin,

and having obtained exact information of their position, determined to attack La Balsille, although the extreme cold of the heights, to the climate of which they were not inured, occasioned many deaths.

For three days they maintained a strict blockade, after making repeated proposals of a truce to the Vaudois; but these being rejected they prepared to set fire to the fort. Sixty of the number who attempted it fell beneath the fire of the besieged, and the snow falling thickly, they were forced to retire, hopeless of any success there, to guard other posts against the Vaudois' further progress.

Disappointed, enraged at his failure, Monsieur de L'Ombraille, the French commander, retired to Rodoret, where an informer brought him intelligence that a party of Vaudois were then grinding corn at Macel; and delighted at an opportunity of revenge, he immediately sent a detachment of five hundred men with orders to give no quarter.

They only met with a small party of stragglers,

who had gone down to the mill for the purpose of making bread, and as usual in every service of danger, were accompanied by Le Bouquetin. While busily engaged in their occupation, one of them looked up, and suddenly perceived behind a hedge, at a short distance from the mill, a glittering line of bayonets. He gave the alarm, and with consternation they now beheld from a loophole in the building, that they were surrounded by the foe.

They were not, however, unarmed, and the practised chasseurs seizing their rifles, determined to sell their life dear. But Le Bouquetin, calmly examining the numbers of the enemy from the loophole, and perceiving the uselessness of resistance, pointed to a low archway on the other side, constructed to give air, and now overgrown with tangled brambles, and said, in a low voice, "Fly children; save yourselves while there is time; I will here abide the Lord's will, and cover your retreat—nay, hold thy peace, Jean Frache: in no case stir I from this spot. The hand of the

Allwise which has severed me from all ties of flesh and blood, points out that my hour is come, and that I shall glorify his name by my last deed. In his name fly, I charge ye, if you love your wives and children!"

They obeyed murmuringly, unused to such a command, and one by one crept through the narrow passage, beyond which the rocks, brambles and tangled brushwood masked their flight.

"Two minutes more," muttered the old hunter, with his eye fixed on the loophole, "and they are safe. There goes the last footstep—ha! Jean Frache!" he exclaimed, turning round, "hast not thou learned obedience yet, fool?"

"Fool! the fitter mate then for a madman like thee, old self-slayer! Fool!—True, I lack the saving wit to forget who plucked me out of my first crevasse, and whose son (God rest his soul!) was my first playfellow. And the Lord do so to me, and more also, an' I strike not one blow by thy side, an' I cannot save thee."

Vigano turned away his head suddenly, and

shook the young man's shoulder with a convulsive, but not unfriendly, grasp.

" As thou wilt then, Jean, but speak not of the past. Hear reason, and mark me ; I hear them battering the outer gate. Give me thy rifle ; take mine, and see that thou drop me the two first that enter, like a marksman ; then, save thyself, for me thou canst not, and treasure the heirloom of Giavanello, and of thy friend, for better times. Thy hand upon it—Now, place your crow-bar ready to my hand—quick, I hear the gate give way. Farewell ; say to the stripling Durand, I bade him God speed for his father's sake ; and tell the pastor, I died like the Maccabee, who smote the tower-bearing Behemoth to the dust as he fell."

His eye flashed from beneath the shaggy eyebrow, as the rush of feet and the clash of bayonets was heard in the passage, and the door burst open. In a moment, three measured but rapid reports stretched the commanding officer, and the two foremost men on the floor, filling the

chamber with a dense smoke. With a grim smile, Le Bouquetin, clutching the heavy crow-bar, sprang behind the door, from whence the leading assailants recoiled, and struggled in the passage; and listened with the practised ear of a hunter, to the confused voices.

"En avant, vous dis-je! êtes vous Français, fichus poltrons?"

"Mais, mon sergent, toute cette canaille s'est nichée la dedans—puis, voilà le grand diable déchainé en face."

"Vois tu à travers la fumée?"

"Sacristie! pas encore. Mais le capitaine est tombé, roide-mort à la porte, le voici—"

"Laisse-moi donc passer; quel malheur tu dieu! Il faut tirer, pour y franchir la route—puis, la baïonette au bout—Serrez donc—plus encore—En joue—feu!"

A close volley from several muskets crashed in the narrow entrance; discharging its contents harmlessly on the crown of the low archway opposite, and darkening the room with a new and stifling cloud of smoke. The next instant,

in rushed the foremost files with bayonets fixed, as on some foe in front of them.

Darting from his corner, with the spring of an angry lion, Onfroi Vigano plied his heavy weapon right and left, among the struggling mass of men; musket and bayonet shivering as from the blows of a rapid engine; and mangled bodies tumbling on all sides around him. Maddened by the cries and execrations of their comrades, and fighting in the darkness, as against an unseen foe, the men who continued to pour in, exchanged for a few seconds, bayonet thrusts and blows of the musket-but, with those who recoiled from Onfroi's strokes: anon, a voice of thunder sounded over all the din of the mêlée, and the cries of the dying. "Come one and all, ye coward spawn of Antichrist, and the scarlet woman! come on, ye babe-hunters, ye bloodhounds of Herod! Le Bouquetin is at bay, and single-handed. He defies ye in the strength of the Lord!—remember Lucerne and Rora," and with redoubled fury, he swept his massive crow-bar on all sides; clearing a fresh circle

around him at every bound. But, by this time, the smoke began to disperse, and the soldiers to see their enemy more clearly. The sergeant, a powerful man, who had been overthrown unhurt in the confusion, seized Onfroi round the middle as he sprung on his knees, and dragged him by main force to the floor.

"A moi tout le monde ! je le tiens enfin !" but the iron grasp of Le Bouquetin on his throat, as he dropped his now useless weapon, silenced the soldier's voice for ever.

The interval, however, had been seized by the French soldiers, and surrounding him, they succeeded in pinioning him, though even their joint strength, could scarcely master his struggles; and having bound him with cords, they prepared to carry him to Rodoret.

Meanwhile, Jean Frache had effected his escape, and like his comrades, had evaded all pursuit on the rocky heights.

On the return of his troops, the French commander ordered the prisoner instantly to be hung, and his dead body exposed, with an inscription,

signifying such to be a Barbet's reward; for he was exasperated by the discomfiture of his men, and the loss they had sustained at the hand of a single foe; while curiosity to behold one who had wrought such deeds of valour, brought him to the spot where the gibbet was already erected.

Beside it stood Onfroi, with a look of resolution and stern defiance, beneath which his very guards quailed as they surrounded him; his arms, still bound with cords, were crossed and fastened tightly over his brawny and muscular chest; but even in this state there was dignity in his attitude; and the expression of his fiery eye, as he glanced at the crowd collected there inspired involuntary awe.

A murmur in his favour ran through the spectators, but De L'Ombraille silenced it, and advancing to the prisoner, questioned him as to the stores, provision, and ammunition of his comrades.

Measuring him with his eye, Le Bouquetin, however, vouchsafed no reply beyond that look

of contempt, and sustained repeated interrogations with the same determined silence.

Surprised and irritated, the commander continued: "But what could have induced you, madman, to have exposed your unaided strength to the force of so many? What folly led you to expose a life so rashly, which otherwise I might have saved? But for this, I might have had compassion!"

At this word, Le Bouquetin could no longer refrain, and he repeated with disdain—

"Compassion! compassion on me, didst thou say? Think ye thou hast power over my life? No; freely I exposed it, willingly I lay it down at a higher behest than aught of earth can give! I know," he continued, with a rhapsodical fervour, regardless of surrounding circumstances, and as if addressing some invisible being, "I know that the hour is come; the hour for which, oh! vision of the night, thou hast so often appeared, the hour of which, but yester-een, thou warnedst me, saying—'Thou who hast shed blood like water,

spare not thine own. Wherefore gird up thy loins, and go forth with the people of the Lord, and by thy death shall a deliverance be wrought unto them; yea and thy name shall live in their mouths, when every man sitteth under his own vine, and his own fig-tree; so thou perform my command, and turn not back thine hand.' And I have performed thy command. I have drunk deep of their blood at Macel, and revenged, ay, revenged the deep guilt of Rora!"

More, perhaps, would Onfroi have uttered, but De L'Ombraille had heard enough; and giving a signal to the guards, they seized the captive, impatient to inflict death. A mixed shout of wonder and execration burst from the crowd, as the soldiers, unable to wait a slower infliction of their vengeance, despatched him with their swords, and left but a mutilated corpse and an ensanguined stream to show the spot where Onfroi Vigano had breathed his last!

This trifling capture, where he hoped to have earned laurels for future fame, so irritated the

French general that he razed to the ground, in revenge, the villages of Macel, Salse, Fontaine, Rodoret, and Prali, and destroying the corn and every other production that could sustain the Vaudois, retired to Perrier, and thus gave them time to breathe.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Vaudois' number now amounted to about four hundred, but they were reduced to the last portion of their provisions, and were hopeless of obtaining more. The winter had passed away, and still they were immured in the fort La Balsille, which they had first entered in November; but not unhappily, not idly those months of privation were spent. Daily they tried to improve their condition by constructing mills and other necessary outbuildings; nor did they ever omit the exercises of devotion, which their pastor concluded with expositions of the Holy Scriptures, and poured thence a flood of consolation

to support them through their trials. Hope revived in those quiet hours; and they thought of their friends under Durand, who had, indeed, as we have seen, long entered their valley, and fancied that they, more fortunate, had perhaps reached the goal, from whence they might send them the aid and provision, of which they stood in the greatest need.

The frosts of winter were now beginning to melt before the first soft days of spring, and a young vegetation clothed with bright verdure portions of those rugged rocks.

The white mantle which had covered the earth disappeared, and disclosed to their wondering eyes fields of corn, which the early fall of snow had covered, and had thus miraculously preserved through the winter season, to serve them in the hour of need. They gazed, they marvelled. It seemed the gift of Providence in the darkest hour. Like a messenger of joy came the news to their troubled hearts, and they knelt in gratitude to the Giver, ere they bore it to a place of safety, remembering as they did so, that

but for this overruling provision, that ripened corn would have burnt beneath the enemy's ruthless power.

Assisted thus, they also added to their store by occasional visits to the village of Bourset, whence they levied supplies; and once in these expeditions, they met with a party of French, charged with despatches to the governor of fort Mirabone, and, with other booty, got possession of the valuable documents which contained intelligence of the enemy's tactics. Thus were they enabled to place themselves in a posture of defence.

Ignorant of this, the Marquis de Parelles sent propositions of truce by the Sieurs Parander and Vercellis, which Arnaud communicated to the troop.

"Children," said he, after reading the address, "shall we agree to their offers, and surrender on their promise of forgiveness and reward? Shall we forget the dark tale of Lucerne, when so many of us paid the penalty of our credulity in the dungeons of La Tour? Shall we throw down

our arms ere this work be finished, and forget the Hand which has so safely brought us through so many dangers, to trust in earthly promises?"

With one accord, ere he had scarce concluded his address, the assembled crowd shouted, "No! never will we submit, but sword in hand await our enemy, and defend our rights!"

Arnaud rejoiced in the valiant resolve, but seeing the propriety of conciliating while it was yet possible, prepared an answer in a tone of respectful submission; but firmly and decidedly refusing any offer short of utter restitution of their rights. He urged the possession of their lands from time immemorial; their voluntary acquiescence in all taxes and imposts; their peaceful and regular lives in those homes from which they had been expelled; and on the other hand, the cruel imprisonment and persecution they had undergone; driven as wanderers and fugitives on the face of the earth, without protection, without aid, from the natural source to which they had a right to apply. Then laying before his royal highness, the justice of their

desire to return, he entreated his permission and support to effect their wish.

This paper he signed on behalf of the whole community, and enclosed it to the Marquis de Parelles.

A fresh and more formidable attack now awaited the Vaudois. Ere any reply could reach these representations, they beheld a large body of the French army defiling through the valley beneath, attended by fourteen hundred peasants occupied in clearing away the snow to facilitate their intention of surrounding the fort. But this proved to be a more difficult undertaking than they anticipated; for, admirably calculated as it was by its natural position to defy any assailant, Arnaud had also wisely used his leisure moments in fortifying it still further; and for this purpose he had erected palisades and parapets on the only pregnable side. The fort itself was situated on a high rock, so peculiarly shaped that three steep layers, raised one above another in perpendicular ledges, forbade any attempt at scaling it;

and was therefore, inaccessible, except on one side, where a foaming rivulet supplied their need, and rushed tumultuously to the valley beneath. Here the adversary might ascend (with the inconvenience indeed of being drenched by the spray) by a circuitous and entangled path.

With prudent foresight, Arnaud had defended this with insurmountable piles of trees, strengthened with large heaps of stones, and the branches being turned to the enemy, precluded all attempt at climbing them. But the French supposing their numbers sufficient to ensure success, prepared for an immediate attack. No doubts oppressed their hearts, as triumphantly numbering their foes, they advanced to what they deemed the certain destruction of the handful of men within the fort.

Monsieur de Catinat commanded the army composed of ten thousand French, and twelve thousand Piedmontese, and having ordered engineers to survey the fort and discover the weakest point, despatched a detachment under

the Count de Parat to attack the first bastion, from which they expected easily to pull away the defence, and make themselves a free passage.

Gallantly these discharged their duty, gallantly the young Count led them to the charge, and though to his surprise he found the trees immovably fixed with heavy stones, he still pressed onwards, unchecked either by the difficulties which intervened, or the perpetually falling snow and the deadly fire of the Vaudois. There was no want of order, no dastard yielding on the part of the French; but protected by the ingenious ramparts they had contrived, every shot of the besieged told, and every ball pierced a foe as it whizzed through the air. Numbers of the chosen troop thus fell, unable to return the volleys they received; but still their brave leader cheered their fainting spirits, and pointing to the fort, shouted, "There, in those barracks, soldiers, must we sleep to-night!"

But a decree had gone forth against him, and young, brave, noble as he was, another destiny awaited the young Count.

Death was busy around him, and still he rode conspicuous through the hottest of the engagement; but while he checked his horse for an instant to give commands, his cross of honour drew the barrel of a carbine upon it; and with unerring aim the bullet struck him in the breast.

For a moment he scarcely felt the blow, but the next, a stunning sensation overcame him, and he fell senseless among the dying and the dead, at the foot of that very fort he had boasted of entering.

At this moment, when first the French perceived their leader's fall, Arnaud assembled his men and made a rapid sortie, falling on the now fugitive troops and dealing death on every side.

Not more than twelve out of that gallant band of five hundred picked men, escaped to relate the massacre of the bloody day to the allied troops, who had witnessed their defeat, and the success of the Vaudois; while the latter united in prayer to render thanks to the God of armies who had given them the victory, and then cleared the

field of the slain. Among these they found the Count de Parat, yet breathing, and bore him in safety to the castle, where they gladly returned to rest from their exertion, and rejoice in their unhoped for success.

CHAPTER X.

EARLY on the following day, Arnaud rose to survey the scene which had so lately been one of carnage and confusion. The rocks were blackened with smoke, scattered accoutrements marked the tracks, and the fresh verdure was tinged with many a crimson stain. The springing brambles had been trampled underfoot, and the foaming rivulet alone, as it fell from rock to rock, bore no impress of preceding events, unless here and there in some useless article neglected by the foe, which its tide had lodged among the roots of overhanging trees.

His followers were still sunk in the deep sleep

of fatigue, and he alone viewed the scene, and shuddered as he mused on the sad sacrifice of human life, the wild passions and infuriated revenge which had been busy there! A doubt passed over his heart as he thought of that great Creator of the human family, whose members had met, with ruthless determination, to destroy in each other his glorious work.

A deep remorse was in his breast, a painful consciousness of the evil of human nature; and covering his face, he passed some moments in silent meditation.

Meanwhile the morning had fully declared itself; the sun shone brightly over the landscape, the bird awoke her full song, and the Vaudois came forth from their rest to greet their pastor, and listen to his morning discourse. Impressively did Arnaud address them, and set forth the signal mercies, the miraculous deliverance they had experienced; he drew an affecting picture of the disasters of their enemies on the preceding day, who were now mourning over the death of

many brave and valued comrades, while they had not one loss to recount, one friend to deplore; and he urged them to show forth their gratitude, by the integrity and gentleness of their conduct to each other. Tears bedewed the old man's cheeks as he addressed them, and moistened even the eyes of those hardy mountaineers; and ere they parted, each brought his portion of the preceding day's booty, and laid it at the pastor's feet, a voluntary tribute to be appropriated to the common cause. Nor did he refuse the generous offer, and the store of useful articles thus obtained, were deposited for safety in a neighbouring cavern.

Arnaud then visited the prisoner, and found him severely but not mortally wounded. A tender compassion rose in the old man's heart, as he observed the brave youth now lying captive and nearly motionless before him; and stooping down, he tried (though of a different creed) to whisper in his ear those words of spiritual consolation, which, when sincerely offered, are never

uttered in vain; but the Count de Parat scarcely answered, and seemed more alive to the disgrace which had befallen his troop, than to his own painful situation.

With the delicacy, which avoided to intrude on the privacy of his history, Arnaud addressed a few questions to him, and learnt that he was the only son of a widowed mother.

A deep, deep sigh burst from him as he heard, and thought of his own absent child! Little did he guess that the individual who excited those tender emotions had also pitied her, and aided her in the hour of need! But that knowledge was not needed to awaken Arnaud to the calls of humanity; every comfort their scanty means could afford, was at his instigation provided for the sufferer, and a messenger despatched within sight of the enemy's camp, with a paper hoisted on a pole to request the attendance of a surgeon to dress his wounds.

The request was immediately granted, and money and other assistance sent to the captive. Anxious to return to his post, the Count de

Parat offered the highest ransom for his liberty; but Arnaud refused, and would hear of nothing less than an exchange of all prisoners at Turin. His negotiations were in vain. Catinat meditated a deep revenge for the offence put upon his honour by a handful of peasants; and unwilling to risk life and fame against men whose valour he had so lately tried, he intrusted the command of the enterprise to Monsieur de Fenquieres, and a week after their defeat the French prepared to besiege La Balsille in good earnest.

On the morning of the 10th of May, the Vaudois beheld, from their ramparts, the army advancing in five divisions, whose strength, order, and regularity, rendered them formidable foes. After occupying the principal adjacent points throughout the day, they advanced nearer to La Balsille; and then, throwing up a redoubt, poured in a hot and continued fire, while their soldiers collected heaps of fagots and bundles of wood, under shelter of which they could discharge their musketry with impunity. For several days they

continued this warfare uninterruptedly, though wounding but few of the besieged; and then, believing the havoc to have been such as to have reduced them to submission, they hoisted a white flag, and summoned them to surrender, offering rewards for their compliance, and representing the folly of a useless resistance, which could only cause bloodshed to both parties; and again repeating their offers of ransoming the Count de Parat.

The Vaudois, however, were not to be shaken by threats or bribes, and replied with firmness.—

"Frenchmen, we will make no treaty with you; we do not acknowledge the sovereignty of your monarch; and now in possession of the land of our forefathers, will live and die here by the aid of the God of armies; and though but ten of our number should survive the bloody massacre, we will no more tremble than will our rocks fall before the thunder of your cannon."

This answer was conclusive, and the enemy returned furiously to the charge. But the resolution and vigilance of the Vaudois admitted

of no respite, and Monsieur de Fenquieres perceiving the continual fire of his musketry to be but a waste of ammunition, planted his cannon at Guignevert, determined to try its overwhelming power.

On the 14th, the full battery was opened upon them; the Vaudois beheld their walls yielding in innumerable breaches before the tremendous volley, and, retiring from the lower part of the building, they took refuge in some huts behind the now untenantable fort.

"My children," said the pastor, "now is the fatal crisis, now, our last hope is over: and once more I ask, will you yield or die?"

"Die!" answered the troop with one accord—"die, in our own land—die, in this fort!"

Resistance was useless; for some moments of agonizing suspense they beheld wall after wall yield with each loud report; they felt the crash of bursting shells, shake the very ground on which they stood; and they expected each moment would bring a bloodthirsty crowd of infuriated soldiers upon them.

The night had closed in, but the red glare of a thousand fires, blazing from the French encampment, and parts, alas ! of the now burning fort, lighted the scene with unnatural brilliancy. To remain there would have been immediate ruin ; and though a retreat to the hinder buildings promised but a few moments of uncertain reprieve, they hastened thither.

Unable to stir from his couch, weak with the loss of blood, stiff from his wounds, the captive Count de Parat could yet hear the cannon's report, and see the bright flash of fire-arms—the glare of many flames. He called, no one answered; he strove to rise, but sunk back exhausted with the effort; suddenly a footstep sounded near, he called again, and Jean Frache rushed into the apartment.

At this moment, a shout from the enemy's camp rung through the air—" Yes! they conquer,—they come!" exclaimed the Count—" my people are victorious!" and the excitement lent a momentary strength to his frame.

Their success was life to him, and the young

man's eye flashed with sudden hope ; but the Vaudois, heard the exclamation, and exasperated by a feeling of revenge against the enemy, of despair for himself and his countrymen, gazed with savage triumph on the prisoner, and levelled his rifle with deadly precision.

The Count beheld and read his fate at a glance.

" This then is death—O Christ !" he whispered, and snatching a cross which hung round his neck, he pressed it with eager fervour to his lips, then with fixed resolution turning to Frache, cried—

" Fire ! Barbet—I am ready now !"

But Frache saw the action and the common symbol of salvation, and struck by the firmness of the young officer, said,

" Dost thou pray then to Christ, soldier?"

" I *have* prayed," answered Parat, " and fear not death. Fire ! I say."

A fresh volley from without, accompanied by a suffocating cloud of smoke, and the crackling of flames drowned his words.

Striding to the side of the bed on which the prisoner lay, the mountaineer still holding with one arm the precious rifle, with the other grasped him round the waist, and bore him like a child over the now burning timbers to the outside of the fort.

Laying him gently on the ground, he cried—"Now call to thy comrades for aid, they will be on our track anon. Tell them that a Barbet and a devil-worshipper, as they call us, saved thee from the flames; and now the Lord be with thee, for it seems thou art a Christian after a sort, and a brave one to boot!"

With the bound of a chamois, he was off to join the rear of his troop.

Crowded together in the huts, unable to strike one blow in self-defence, the Vaudois assembled round their pastor, in silent expectation of momentary destruction.

"Not thus—not thus, my children!" said Arnaud, as a groan of anguish bursting from their lips answered a fresh peal from the cannon's mouth. He knelt, they followed his example, and one

short prayer for deliverance was raised amid that fearful din.

"And now," said the pastor, rising, "let us not voluntarily seek death, life may yet be preserved, defence were vain, but escape may be ours; say, does no one know of some path so secret that we may elude the enemy's vigilance, and fly ere they seize us for torture or death?"

There was a moment of deep thought; and then one whispered, "There is a path for those who have courage to leap across a ravine so precipitous, that no foot can keep its hold—so deep, that none can fathom it; but in this blazing light, how can we attempt it unobserved?"

"Their fires are bright," said Arnaud; "but they will burn dim in yon rising fog, and we must wait with patience till its favouring veil is fully risen, and then trust to your guidance, and our Divine Protector."

They did not wait in vain; the darkness increased, but with it the tumult in the fort.

"They come!—Hark! their footsteps trample on the burning ramparts! One moment more,

and—;" but the speech was stopped, the foe was at hand, and Arnaud had but time to cry, "Now, children, despatch! Silence—escape—life!"

Stripping themselves of every useless incumbrance, even laying aside their shoes, the Vaudois precipitately followed their guide, and one by one reached in silence the edge of the rock, which rose perpendicular from a narrow ledge, covered so entirely with brambles and layers of the wild vine, that its surface was nearly concealed; thence its rugged side slanted to a valley beneath, but no path afforded any safe footing, and clefts, the depth of which they knew not, were hid by many a tuft of grass or stunted bush.

The growing darkness, rather favoured than impeded their progress, by veiling the extent of a danger which they would otherwise have shrunk from encountering.

Ever the foremost in danger, so was Arnaud the last to leave it; nor would he forsake La Balsille till he believed all his troop were safely gone before, and then he prepared to follow.

The uncertain moonlight dimly lighted the path, and the old man involuntarily drew back, as he beheld the fatal leap, of some eight or nine feet wide, which alone offered a chance of escape. But even in that dire extremity, not one would have deserted their pastor, or accepted deliverance, while he was in jeopardy.

"It is impossible," said a mountaineer, who yet stood beside him (the last who had not crossed); "he cannot leap the chasm."

In vain Arnaud commanded him to follow his comrades; the bold cragsman replied,

"Never, never will I leave you, father, while life remains."

He paused a moment, that moment which might be death to both, and espied a piece of rope which one of the men had left behind. He seized it. It was too short for his purpose; but, with ingenuity, sharpened by necessity, he snatched Arnaud's belt, unfastened his own, and joining the three together, knotted them with all his strength to a stunted bush, thus obtaining a barely requisite length. Then leaping the space

with one end firmly grasped, he reached the opposite crag in safety, holding thus a kind of bridge, by which the pastor could swing himself across by dexterously using both hands.

It was a fearful attempt; below, the unfathomable abyss; above, the darkening sky, and on the height the rushing foe; but it did succeed, and the Vaudois, in safety, heard the hurrying footsteps, loud execrations and clash of arms of the French, as they called with execrations on the Barbets to come forth.

But vain was the search; as the bird from the snare of the fowler, they had escaped. Once, only, a sound had nearly betrayed the secret.

In defiance of the pastor's strict commands, one of the men had slung a kettle over his shoulders, which, in the act of leaping, broke from the band that confined it, and falling from rock to rock, with fatal clatter, threatened discovery to all.

"Qui vive?" shouted the French—"Qui vive?" but no one answered:—a shot was fired, but it drew no response, and they concluded all was

safe, though how, the fugitives had vanished, or by what path, was so incomprehensible to them, that as usual they ascribed it to supernatural agency, and, not without some alarm, prepared to spend the night in the quarters whence they could scarcely feel sure their foe was expelled.

By morning light they again visited each by-path and secret entrance to the fort; gazed even on the outlet from the huts, but could not believe that human beings had crossed it and yet lived, though some traces of footsteps and trodden grass betokened that several persons must have passed.

The Count, whose safety in some measure consoled them for their baffled quest, declined to throw any hint on it from motives of gratitude.

They gazed on the opposite heights; the fair prospect stretched far in the wide horizon, but no signs of human life were there, and they moved on to Lantiga to encamp and rest.

Mournful indeed was their retrospect of the day which had passed, numerous the companions they recounted, now lying stiff and gory on the battle

field; and groaning with anguish at the thought, they looked up, and beheld slowly winding in the distance, far out of their reach, and comparatively safe, the little troop whom they had been unable to exterminate, and who had so boldly plucked the laurels from their brows, to leave a cypress wreath instead.

Through the glistening snow, up the steep sides of the Mount Guignevert, toiled the Vaudois; they tarried neither to rest nor to look behind, for they knew that their safety depended on celerity, and though many a weary frame could hardly drag through that perilous march, not one word, not one murmur was expressed by any of the party.

Nobly did their pastor set the example, though he alone knew how great was the effort,and that the shot which followed upon the noise of the falling kettle had not been fired in vain, but had struck him in the shoulder.

From the moment he had first felt the wound, Arnaud determined to conceal it, although uncertain of its extent; and stanching the blood

which flowed but too fast, he walked on, heedless of the pain or the subsequent weakness, nor, when all were so occupied with their own individual safety, could any notice his pallid brow and faltering step.

They traversed the mountain, and descending Les Paussettes, rested a moment, previous to pushing on to Rodoret; but not ere, on turning round, they perceived a detachment of the enemy in full pursuit. At sight of this they rapidly retreated to the summit of Galmon, where they halted for two hours. There Arnaud's strength, refusing to answer the heavy demand on it, suddenly yielded, and he was unable to conceal the weakness which was revealed by a deathlike faintness.

To support him in their arms, to grieve over his distressing state, was all they could do. They had no restoratives to administer; not even water wherewith to boil a soup of herbs. Hungry, thirsty, and weary, they yet knew there could be no rest for them till they reached Fayet. They gazed on the almost insensible form of Arnaud, and

one of the party whispered, that it was impossible for him to stir.

"Then we will carry him," was the reply.

Alas! who that looked on those haggard, enfeebled figures, could think the effort possible? but the Pastor, who had recovered his consciousness, heard and commanded them to proceed without him. He pointed out the route they must take, the measures they must pursue, and then, declaring he would follow them shortly, again insisted on their departure so strenuously, that they felt obliged to comply.

Arnaud, as he saw them set off, felt that every hope depended on his rallying the energy and strength he yet possessed. Intimately acquainted with the individual disposition of each, he was confirmed in the opinion that they were wholly unfit to proceed without a leader, and, therefore, he determined, at every risk, to follow as soon as a few hours of rest had in some measure calmed the anguish of the inflamed wound. He knew, that energy would supply the place of rest, and though it were but the flash of an expiring lamp,

would serve to light him on his way, to rejoin them at Fayet, where they must halt. For this he fervently prayed, and after some hours of comparative rest, rose, and forced himself, though stiff and suffering, to follow the track of his people. Here, indeed, the spirit seemed to triumph over the exhausted body, which attenuated by want, and fevered with pain, could never have dragged itself over that region of barren mountains without strong effort; but the flush of excitement coloured the furrowed cheek, the brilliance of hope shone in the sparkling eye, as, almost unconscious of physical pain, the pastor strode onward with every need unsupplied, feeling it was the last effort he should make for those he had so dearly loved, so carefully and judiciously guided. For them, he believed his exertions had not been in vain; for himself, all his desires were garnered up in that far better country to which he was rapidly advancing, and the expression which lit his countenance had less in it of earth than heaven. At Fayet, he overtook his troop, but found them

reduced to the last stage of misery from hunger and thirst: the rocky path yielded no drop of water to cool their parched and feverish throats, and they were spiritless, and unwilling to move from the spot which they had occupied during four and twenty hours of hopeless inactivity.

To urge them forward, to implore them to rouse every energy as they valued this last chance of safety, was his first endeavour. His entreaties were assisted by a sudden and welcome shower of rain, whose refreshing drops were eagerly swallowed by the exhausted sufferers, who laid themselves down to imbibe in every pore the moisture so ardently desired.

Its refreshing effects were soon visible, and they rose to advance on their route to Pramol. At Rua, a small village in possession of the French, they hoped to obtain provisions, which they demanded with the desperation of their famished condition, sword in hand. But the inhabitants refused, and prepared to defend themselves under the auspices of Monsieur de Vig-

naux, the governor, and a sharp struggle ensued, nor ended till many lives were lost, and the village itself was burnt.

With deep regret Arnaud viewed the struggle he was unable to control, both from his own suffering condition and the fierce exasperation of his followers; but the subsistence so dearly purchased was absolutely required, and they thence drew support to proceed on their route.

On Sunday they approached within sight of Angrogna, and prepared to ascend its beloved heights; but fearful of an encounter in consequence of the inhabitants having sounded the alarm, they took refuge in a neighbouring hamlet, where Arnaud's failing strength wholly forsook him. He felt, however, that it was in his own valley, in his native air, that he should breathe his last; and there was a joy in his heart, a smile on his countenance, which forbade all suspicion of the illness which was oppressing every nerve with anguish. They bore him to a dwelling, and gathered round his couch with the fond anxiety of children for a parent.

Arnaud prayed fervently for a remnant of former strength to bear him a few miles further, that he might see his people enter the precincts of their own valley, and there, on the threshold of all that was dear, surrender the spirit which had been given for so long, so arduous a pilgrimage.

That prayer seemed granted; for after a few hours he rallied, and declared his wish to proceed. His friends would fain have urged him to tarry yet a little longer, but he rose, and though scarcely able to support himself, was preparing for a further march, when a sound of armed men and trumpets was heard in the village, and a party of officers rode in, whose uniform declared they belonged to the army of Savoy. Unprepared as they were, a look of consternation was visible on the faces of Arnaud's companions; and he, instead of rushing as before to the scene of danger, sunk down on a chair, powerless to resist the expected attack.

But there were cries for "Arnaud, the leader of the Vaudois," and one of the inhabitants pressing

his way into the apartment announced that the Sieurs Parander and Bertin were there as envoys from Savoy, demanding an immediate interview with Monsieur Arnaud. Surprised, doubtful what to expect, the pastor declared himself ready to receive the messenger of his Prince: but though unable to rise from his chair to meet them as they entered, the dignified simplicity of his manner was such as to inspire them with reverential and involuntary respect.

He listened to their address: he heard that they came on the part of the Duke of Savoy to announce that peace should be henceforth inviolate between them, and to offer immediate supplies of provisions with all the aid they would require to re-enter their valleys as his faithful and forgiven subjects.

With a composure his followers could not share, nor his guests understand, the pastor listened; and, raising his eyes to heaven, with fervent gratitude, uttered one brief and earnest thanksgiving to the Almighty who had so unexpectedly granted his petition. Then turning to the Vau-

dois, who were crowding into the little apartment, he said—" My children, we are once more free; once more Vaudois in name as well as heart. Our faith in God has not been vain, our reliance in our sovereign not misplaced; and to our latest breath we will preserve inviolate the allegiance which is his due. With me indeed life quickly ebbs, but you will yet have time to show your gratitude for this bòon to your Maker and his anointed Prince, and I shall see, yes, once again I shall see, the birthplace of my fathers, and the dwelling I have loved! yes—I must hasten to Angrogna, while the thread of life lasts, to bear these aching bones to their place of rest in yon loved land."

He had risen from his seat; his eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy, his wasted arms were outstretched to the prospect the open window revealed of his loved land, while his worn and attenuated frame showed that indeed it could not long contain the ardent spirit that yet breathed within.

They hastened indeed; no useless delay im-

peded their onward progress; hope was before them; a powerful escort of former foes attended their steps, to guard them from any aggressions they might meet with from their mutual enemies the French, and with hearts beating high with gratitude and joy, they marched exulting, by the more circuitous but easier road through Villars and Bobi, where less fatigue would attend the movements of the dying pastor.

At Bobi they halted, that Arnaud, who had scarcely spoken since the day on which they had left the hamlet, might obtain some trifling rest. As they traversed a wood, close to the entrance of the town, a haggard and emaciated figure met them; his wasted appearance, matted hair, and soiled garments, attesting how hard had been his toil; marks of blood were on his person, and his countenance was expressive of yearning anxiety.

He pressed on, regardless of the astonished looks of the group, the hostile insignia of their Savoyard attendants; and none recognised in the squalid wretch before them, their once enthu-

siastically loved leader. But *he* did not doubt, and in hoarse accents asked hastily :—

" Where is your pastor?—where is Arnaud?" and then they knew it must be Durand.

" Oh! lead me to him," he continued, " tell me that he lives."

" He does," was the reply, " he yet lives, but —"

" Take me then," cried Durand, with an eagerness which brooked no denial ; and they pointed to the covered litter which held the form of their beloved pastor.

The bearers had halted, for the sufferer, exhausted by the movement, had begged for one moment's pause ; at his request, they withdrew the awning which sheltered him from the weather, and his last gaze was fixed on the blue hills which yet screened his beloved home.

" I shall not see it *here*," he feebly said—" but from—above!"

His lips moved, but no audible sound escaped, and the bystanders perceived that his last hour was come.

Durand saw, and at a glance understood it all: he pressed forward, knelt beside the couch, and the pastor gazing intently at him, placed his hand upon the young man's head, then with a sudden effort whispered—"My child!"—but human strength was exhausted, and ere the convulsive answer could spring to Durand's lips, the old man had sunk back—his eyes raised to heaven, his hands clasped in prayer; and none who gazed on the confiding expression of those still features, could doubt the spirit was at rest in the bosom of his God!

CHAPTER XI.

Louis XIV. received with undisguised vexation the intimation of the Duke of Savoy, that he was about to break off his alliance with him. He taxed him with intending to join the allies, tried every remonstrance to deter him, urging the impolicy of the scheme, as well as the dishonourable breach of former ties, in linking himself with a party, whose principal supporter was the usurper of the throne of his deceased wife's nearest relation, James the Second. But too wise to give vent to unavailing reproaches, Louis touched but slightly, on his treachery to himself, with only one brief and reso-

lute insinuation of intended vengeance, which Victor well knew was not without meaning.

But the Duke was firm, he looked to the future, beheld the might of France tottering from its elevation, and the close collision of stronger powers about to trample her laurels in the dust; and he resolved to rescue his own dominions from the impending disaster, while there was yet time.

Added to this, a better feeling was in his heart, and exerted an influence, in favour of those oppressed subjects, whose safety he well knew to be the stake of his friendship with the bigoted Louis; and though his vacillating disposition might lead him to hesitate, the remembrance of his promise, his *written* promise, to Marie prevailed.

With the precipitation of self-distrust, he hastily concluded his negotiations with the allies, and lost no time in sending despatches to Piedmont to recall his troops from the French army, and to announce that henceforth he espoused the Vaudois cause as his own. He then

called on Durand and his leading comrades for a reciprocal conduct, and bade them join him in repulsing the common enemy.

At a slower pace, meanwhile, Marie Arnaud and the Marchioness di Pianezza were also proceeding to the valleys, bringing with them a joyous crew of released captives from the prisons of Turin ; and no General, returning triumphant at the head of a victorious army, could re-enter the city his prowess had delivered from his foes, with a more exulting heart than Marie returned to meet her beloved ones in Angrogna.

She was about to reap the pure reward of self-denial, and gather, in the happiness of others, a rich harvest for future years. A doubt, an anxiety, might occasionally thrill through every nerve ; and the question burst unbidden from her lips, " Shall I meet them all again ?" but hope checked the momentary fear, and filled her beating heart with ecstasy, as she pictured to herself the group once more assembled round her, of those in whom all her affections centred.

Their progress seemed slow to her, though she

passed away the hours with many a tale of other days; and with flushed cheek and beaming eyes strove to inspire Anima with the enthusiastic admiration she felt herself for those deeds of courage and of love, she had witnessed in the man to whom she hoped soon to see her united; and yet they travelled rapidly, and by the shortest way, to satisfy her impatience; so rapidly, that they scarcely noted the scenes of devastation which marked their approach to Angrogna, scarcely noticed the strange alteration those years of absence had made in the beloved valleys, where the hand of industry had long ceased to cultivate the once productive soil, or where that of ruthless violence had destroyed the fruits of former exertion.

Where now were the peaceful hamlets, the browsing herd, and all the cheering evidences of an active innocent population? Where, the picturesque church, and tinkling bells of home returning cattle? All gone,—all trampled beneath the violence of a devastating foe, the prejudice of a bigoted persecution; and the country presented

a barren and inhospitable aspect, that promised but little comfort to the inhabitants returning to possess it.

They approached the Val St. Martin, entered Angrogna, and Marie began to recognise each former favourite tree, each haunt of early youth. With trembling hands she pointed them out to her companion, and as each fresh view burst welcome on their sight, they simultaneously recalled, some marked incident which endeared it to them.

Deserted, wasted as was the village of Angrogna, its walls blackened by the smoke of former conflagration, some dwellings yet remained, and amongst these was the pastor's presbytery.

At the entrance of the valley, Anima and Marie had left the vehicle they had travelled in, for its restraint was irksome to the excited feelings and eager impatience with which they sought to seize on every welcome object ; and now they had reached the threshold of their home :—they crossed it—and with a sob of exulting joy fell in each other's arms.

"They are not here,—not yet," at length, whispered Marie.

"No, dearest," replied her friend, "but they will come—they will, my Marie."

Marie looked up, her eyes wandered round the disfigured and dusty apartment, so different from the neat and cheerful appearance it wore when she left it. Its altered aspect smote drearily on her spirits, and seemed an ill omen for future hopes; but the carved mantel-piece was left uninjured, and she saw the Scripture words of hope which had so often in reality, and in remembrance, spoken comfort to her heart still graven there.

She was aware that the envoys of the Duke of Savoy had preceded her, and therefore her people must know by this time that peace was restored, and a free passage opened to the valleys; From some prisoners, also, who had been sent to Turin, she had learnt sufficient reports of the events which had occurred amongst the Vaudois, to be aware that within a short period of the

present time, the main body was safe, while her father's journal, captured at the Col de Julien, had put her in full possession of the most important incidents up to that time.

Reason seemed, therefore, to sanction the hope that filled her bosom with the joyous certainty of meeting again her father and Durand; and, convinced that their first step on receiving the intelligence which the envoys brought, would be to reenter Angrogna, she hourly expected their arrival, and busied herself with zealous assiduity in preparation for the impatiently desired hour. She endeavoured to carfully obliterate the ravages which had so disfigured the presbytery, and restore each favourite image of the past, to rejoice her father's eye. While thus occupied imagination forestalled the future, and vividly presented to her mind his form, his greeting, even the very words which would return her affectionate salutation; and overleaping the past, with all its hours of toil and heavy care, she pictured to herself, those happy days of peace and

tranquillity, they had spent beneath that roof, ere persecution and bloodshed had wrung their hearts with anguish, and written on their brows the rugged characters of anxiety and woe.

While with the nervous trepidation that requires occupation in which to expend itself, Marie busied herself, with every household occupation, Anima watched at the entrance of the cottage, to give intelligence of the first symptom of the wanderers' return. At length she cried, "They come, Marie! they come!" and both flew to the door.

A cloud of dust was discernible, the sound of an approaching crowd was heard; soon after, though still indistinct in the distance, they descried the uniform of Savoy, contrasting strikingly with the appearance of the wretched, haggard troop which accompanied them. A litter was there, its bearers moved slowly; one of the number hastened on before the others—Ah! was he the herald of sorrow or of joy! Marie grasped Anima's arm convulsively, saying—

"Leave me not; dearest, leave me not now;" and the strong spirit cast itself for support on the weaker, in that whirlwind of emotion from which it shrunk!

Marie recognised, in spite of every alteration, with that first glance of affection which is never deceived, that it was Durand himself who was now hastening towards them; and she shrunk back instinctively within the presbytery to conceal, behind its sheltering walls, the feelings, whose evidence none but the dearest were privileged to behold.

Durand entered, he gazed at her, and her only; saw not the figure round which she had closely entwined her arm, as if shrinking from the realization of what she longed, yet dreaded to attain: but the expression of his face with which he answered the intense look of eager inquiry with which she fixed her eyes on his, was one of piercing anguish.

Suddenly, one absorbing anxiety banished every other sensation, and, bursting from Ani-

ma, Marie advanced to Durand, and, trembling, asked:—"My father?"

He did not, he could not, reply; but, taking her hand, fondly pressed it in his own, and, with a look of tenderest pity, conducted her to a chair—that chair which she had placed with filial expectation of another occupant; and Marie knew, though words had not declared the painful fact, that her fondest hope had for ever passed away from her!

She was the first to break the oppressive silence, and whispered,

"He is no more; Oh! tell it me, Walter—at once—and then—be still."

"Marie," he answered, "it is true; he died, but not in the battle-field—not alone."

More he dared not say then, nor intrude the unavailing expression of human consolation on a grief whose depths were sacred; and she, resting her face on the table before her, buried it between her hands for some moments of acute agony, which brooked no observation; and when

again she raised it, the expression was so firm in its resignation (though years of misery seemed to have passed over it), that neither dared utter one word of allusion to what they knew had wrought the change.

With an altered voice she said, "Durand, more of this hereafter." Then, turning to Anima, solemnly added, "But you must enjoy the happiness God has reserved for you. See," said she, "who has accompanied me, and prize the blessing which is yours." She then placed the hand of Anima in his, nor tarried to witness the meeting she had laboured to procure.

Her heart, her affections, were all now centred in the grave of her beloved father; and though she did not repine, she could not at that moment bear to bring back her thoughts to things of earth. But when at length she was able to command her interest in surrounding objects, she was shocked to perceive the fearful condition of Durand, and indeed of all her countrymen: the dreadful ravages in health and constitution which evidenced how extreme had been the

sufferings and privations of the past, under the infliction of which they had not flinched. In time she could hear the details of all that had passed since her separation from them at Bobi, and listen, with meek gratitude, to the history of her father's placid end; for him she did not mourn, for she doubted not (his labours being now over) he was at rest in that haven where his heart and hopes had long been centred.

For herself, there was the blessed consciousness that her actions and feelings were such as he would have approved; the glorious hope of being yet of use in her generation, and the refuge which her favourite inscription pointed out to the weary and heavy laden.

More active duties, however, were now before her; she must herself superintend the mingling of that honoured dust with its mother earth; and while she appeared as chief mourner for the past, point out (as in the place of the deceased) the way to future hope.

The faithful, attached band, who had reverenced and obeyed him in life, bore him in

silence with many an ill-expressed sob of regret, to the very spot where he had so often opened to them the Book of Life; even the troops of Savoy, whom curiosity, as well as respect for a people whose simple and affectionate habits had already inspired them with deep interest, had led to the scene, could not refuse the tribute of sympathy, when as the sacred words were spoken, and the last prayer uttered, the sod was pressed down, to hide for ever from their view the form of Henri Arnaud.

Anima and Durand had accompanied Marie, and supported her through the trying ceremony, wondering at her composure. But her thoughts were not there—not with the mouldering clay, but soaring up beyond the sky, drew support from the prospect which raised her above all earthly regrets.

When all was ended, she came forward to address her countrymen, to congratulate them on the joy of their return, which even in the midst of her own bereavement, her expansive affection could sympathize in; and they were ready to transfer to her in return, all the devotion they had felt for her father.

"Friends," said she, "with whom I have shared so many perils, so many sorrows before this—I have returned now to participate in that hour of delight which he, whom we now lament, toiled to obtain, and which I feel he does not the less witness that he is not visibly amongst us here: but if he were present, oh! believe me, he would instil that allegiance to your sovereign Prince, and forgetfulness of former wrongs, which this charter his Highness has commissioned me to deliver, richly deserves, and of which, after a short and not rigorous captivity, his clemency made me the bearer. I now place it in your hands with this letter from the Duke."

She handed the document to Durand. It was received with a shout of joy which sounded like music in the ears of her whose exertions unconfessed to them, had obtained it, and he read as follows:

"Vaudois, but one Prince and one God are yours; serve them faithfully. Enemies till now —henceforth may we be friends. Others have caused your misfortune, but if in future you will

obey me, and expose life in my service, the good office shall be reciprocal, and your Prince will share all with you!"

"We will!" shouted the troop, "and on Arnaud's grave we vow faith and obedience to the Duke of Savoy!"

"Faith to Savoy! Long life to Victor Amadeus!" was repeated from lip to lip, and the rocks echoed it in the hearing of the Savoyard troops, who, joining in the act of allegiance, knelt one by one beside the Vaudois, and consecrated their lives to Victor's service.

The colour mantled in Marie's cheek, her voice trembled with emotion as she, too, joined in that vow, and with a deeper feeling ejaculated, "May our God, and our holy faith preserve him!"

A silence succeeded, during which the Vaudois stood round the new-made grave, divided into groups; but Durand had approached the commanding officer of the Savoyard troops, Monsieur de Vercellis, and was answering his questions with the low and respectful tone which

feared to disturb the sacred stillness of the moment; while with a feeling which would find vent in the solitary tear which trickled down his bronzed and manly cheek, Jean Frache stood by the fresh-turned sod, and mused on him that slept beneath.

Monsieur de Vercelli perceived him, and said, "That, then, is the man who saved young Parat's life? His courage and shrewdness also, Monsieur Durand, have been noted on several occasions."

"I consider him," was the reply, "as only second to Buffe or to Moudon of Bobi, whose commission I forwarded this morning by your direction. These are three of those who seconded me in such gallant style at Salabertraun; the fourth is no more, and if living, would I fear be impracticable."

"This, then," said the commanding officer, giving Durand a written parchment, "awaits your friend's acceptance. Time presses; when will the men be fit for service?"

"Ten days will restore their strength, and the muster can proceed in the meantime."

Assured of this, Monsieur de Vercelli then

informed Durand that the pay and allowances of the newly enrolled corps would commence from that day; while their especial duty would be the defence of the frontier towards France. Then summoning his men, the Savoyard officer took leave, with many expressions of esteem to its gallant colonel, and the troop defiled in order from the spot.

Durand then approached Frache, and hailing him as lieutenant of the Vaudois chasseurs, presented him with his commission.

"This to me, Colonel Durand?" asked Jean, with a countenance glowing with surprise and pleasure. "This to me, who—"

But Durand interrupted him. "Jean, I did but my duty before to you then—I do it again now. Is the past forgotten between us?"

"Forgotten—mon colonel?" asked Jean; and with a deep and enthusiastic affection, he grasped the hand which Durand extended, and pressed it fervently in his own.

The crowd dispersed; each peasant sought his

native dwelling, and Anima, Durand, and Marie were left alone; and then the latter, still standing by her father's grave, said—

"Durand, forgive me if I have divulged the secret you confided to my keeping, and sought to win the heart for you, which your own has so long and so ardently sighed for. Here, by the precious remains of him, who, in your early life, ere change or sorrow had blighted your young existence, fondly desired your hands might be united in the holiest ties of earth, let me inherit the blessing he would so greatly have valued, of seeing that faith plighted at the later period, when the heart, matured by suffering, is yet more capable of receiving happiness. Anima," she added, "my friend, here by this grave let me call you Walter's bride."

She joined their hands; and, with the deep blush of tender affection, Anima sunk in the fervent embrace with which Durand clasped her to his heart:—and Marie—withdrew.

She was content, she had seen their happiness,

had ministered to it, and peace was in her heart as she returned to her solitary cottage; and seating herself in her father's favourite place, gazed on the carving above her, and felt she was not alone!

CHAPTER XII.

It was in 1689, that the Vaudois regained quiet possession of their valleys, under charter of their lawful Prince, who in consequence of his dissension with the monarch, who had insisted on their destruction, was now willing to restore them to their rights.

From the moment of the League of Augsburg, all Europe was disturbed by war. It was from the defection of Victor Amadeus, and Peter the Second, of Portugal, that Louis dated the commencement of the gloom that first shaded his previous brilliant successes; and as repeated defeats disappointed his hopes, he gladly availed

himself of the general weariness of long hostilities which pervaded the belligerent powers, to sign the peace of Ryswick, though at the cost of many important concessions, which crippled his power, and tarnished the glory of the monarch, who so long had dazzled the eyes of other nations. A new object engaged the general attention, in the sickness of the king of Spain, who lingered on the bed of death, with no successor marked out to fill his place.

A desire to occupy the throne which would so soon be vacant, excited the rapacity of every reigning house which could lay claim to the rich inheritance; and Louis, Leopold, Emperor of Germany, and the Elector of Bavaria, stepped forward, to assert their right to the succession; but the latter, too feeble to contend with his powerful rivals, gave up his pretensions; and the former, regardless of justice, proposed a secret treaty of partition to the princes of Holland and England, which they consented to sign, ere the breath had ceased to hover on the lips of Charles the Second.

The secret however, transpired; and at that moment the sick monarch rallied, to hear with indignation of the unprecedented transaction, and to revenge it by framing a will, which constituted the elector of Bavaria his sole heir.

But the apple of contention was not so easily withdrawn; and at the instant when the other powers were reconciled to an arrangement which promised an equitable balance of power, the elector died so suddenly as to give rise to the darkest suspicions; and a second treaty of partition was commenced, which, as before, its authors failed in keeping private.

The fresh insult so deeply affected the Spanish monarch, that he chose the Archduke Charles, son of Leopold, for his successor; but the choice was displeasing to his ministers, who, taking advantage of the weakened state of the king's mind, persuaded him to call in the advice of Pope Innocent the Third, and, in consequence, a fresh will was made, by which the crown, with all its dependent dominions, was bequeathed to Philip, Duke of Anjou, the grandson of Louis.

In 1700 Charles died; and the declaration of his will, created a surprise, which roused the spirit of each observing power. The Austrian minister was thunderstruck at this exposure of the secret influence of Versailles at Madrid, while England and Holland were no less indignant at the treachery of Louis.

The Spaniards, meanwhile, proclaimed the young prince, who took immediate possession of the throne under the title of Philip the Fifth; and forcing the Dutch to support him, Louis prepared to defend him against the Emperor of Germany, and to uphold his claim to the Duchy of Milan, while the other powers of Europe looked on at the mighty contest.

At this moment however, in contempt of all his declarations at the peace of Ryswick, the French king suddenly recognised the pretensions of the son of the exiled James to the English throne, and thus hurried on a war he was ill prepared to encounter.

The death of William the Third, indeed, seemed to favour the wishes of the young Pre-

tender; but Anne quietly succeeding with the avowed resolution of adhering to all the plans of her predecessor, his hopes were blasted; and entrusting the command of her army to the military genius of the great Marlborough, the queen opposed a force to France, before which the power of that kingdom was destined soon to bow.

Germany, Holland, and Prussia, with Portugal and the dukedom of Savoy, united their strength; and the war for the succession of Spain commenced, which was signalized by many deeds of prowess on both parts, and glorious success on that of the allied armies.

Europe became a theatre, on which the passions of her great men were developed; and Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands, were alternately the scene of war, while the prosperity and commerce of these nations were sacrificed to the ambition of monarchs, the private interests of statesmen, and the vanity of military commanders.

At this critical juncture, when every sovereign seemed to have in view only his own aggrandizement, Victor Amadeus trembled for the safety of

his dominions (situated, as they were, on the confines of one of the principal objects of contention, the Duchy of Milan), while memory suggested, that this was the favourable opportunity for Louis to wipe out former scores in signal revenge.

Nevertheless, now attached to the allied forces, and glorying in the character of his noble kinsman, Prince Eugene, of Savoy, who was their bravest support, he determined to abide by his promise to them. His ties of relationship might have induced a different course and inclined him to espouse the cause of Spain, his daughter Louisa having married the young king, while the Princess Adelaide of Savoy, wife to his brother, was united to the Duke of Burgundy.

Warmly attached to his children, Victor was doomed to see in them opposing interests. From his eldest son, Charles Emanuel, for whose future prospects an overweening affection had dictated his vacillating policy, and disturbed his happiness with a thousand agitating doubts, he met the return of cold ingratitude in early life, and subsequent ill-

treatment at a later age; when the unhappy father sacrificing to him his throne and his dominions, at length yielded life to the sorrow occasioned by the barbarity of his child. For him it was, and for the aggrandizement of a territory already the most powerful of Italy, that Victor exerted every energy, and afterwards received the punishment of his undue ambition.

Combining in himself a strange mixture of affection and justice, with a vacillation of purpose sometimes bordering on duplicity, he was yet capable of appreciating integrity, and of esteeming as the greatest of blessings the companionship of purer spirits than his own. This faculty had been fully called into exercise by the conduct of his Vaudois subjects in the present trying occasion; while conscience reminded him, as he listened to the tale of their noble exertions in his cause, against the French troops which were hovering over the confines of their valleys, that he had not deserved from them such faith and such sacrifices.

Of all the nations engaged in the bloody con-

test, it seemed as if the inhabitants of the Piédmontese valleys alone entered it with motives untinged by one base or interested purpose, fighting in single-hearted obedience for the defence of their anointed Prince, while their acquired experience had peculiarly befitted them for the species of warfare then carried on.

Instigated by duty, supported by the consciousness of integrity, their deeds of valour intimidated Victor's foes, and astonished his friends, winning even the approbation of the hero Eugene, while, backed by the terror his vicinity inspired, they successfully kept the enemy at bay.

At that moment, however, the Netherlands became the hottest scene of contest; and flying to the aid of Marlborough, the Prince shared with him the glorious victory of Blenheim, while the Vaudois materially contributed to his success by masking his march through the passes of Savoy. Meanwhile, alive to every chance of advantage, the French no sooner perceived that the north of Italy was unguarded than they pressed thither with rapidity, and investing it with their troops

overran and nearly stripped him of his dominions, ere Victor Amadeus could call the allies to his rescue, or consolidate his own forces.

All that valour could do in withstanding power was attempted by the Duke, but his troops yielded, outnumbered by the French under the command of Vendome, and being defeated in several minor engagements, they became so utterly dispersed that it was impossible to rally them again. Victor himself, abandoned and discouraged, had no chance left but in escape, and aware that in the event of his being taken captive, all hope of the ultimate preservation of his dukedom would be lost, he felt it imperative to withdraw himself till the storm had passed, or his gallant relation should come to the rescue. No place of refuge was open to him but the Piedmontese valleys, where he resolved on seeking concealment till the struggle should be over; and quitting his capital he fled, unattended and disguised, to throw himself for protection on his Vaudois subjects.

But for the proofs of their integrity so nobly

shown in the late disasters, he might have hesitated to trust himself amongst a people whom he had formerly outraged and deceived, at a moment too when he well knew they were in abject need; and that a rich reward from the French monarch would follow any act of treachery which should place him in his hands; but Victor knew in whom he trusted, and fearlessly sought the most secret passes to the valleys of Piedmont.

His confidence was not misplaced; never had the Vaudois wavered from the allegiance they had vowed on Arnaud's grave, never had their pastor's daughter neglected an opportunity of fulfilling her promise of remembering the Duke, and of praying for him in the hour of need; and when the war trumpet again sounded in those peaceful regions,it was she who had inspired them to acts of courage, and while she spoke comfort to the trembling heart of Anima, had exhorted Durand to lead those peasants again to the field of battle whose prowess had gained the praise of heroes; nor suffered them when they felt the sting of poverty, or viewed the destruc-

tion which persecution had made in their little property, to say with repining voice, "This was Victor's deed."

Sharing every privation, their comforter in sorrow, their nurse in sickness, Arnaud's daughter deprived of every luxury, cut off from every domestic tie, was yet the cheerful supporter of their hopes; and forbidding them to recur to the past, except to number its mercies, led them on to enjoy the present, and trust in the future. War, indeed, stained their annals with occasional mournful incidents, and the severities of winter, against which their poverty forbade their making any provision, sorely tried them, but still they smiled; rejoiced by their dependence on a merciful Providence, and the consciousness of ever treading in the path of duty.

Busied with her household occupations, Marie was no less admirable in private life than she had been as the heroine of former days. To Durand and Anima, to their children, she was like a good angel ministering to their happiness, and promoting it by her hallowed influence; while the

very privation of closer domestic ties seemed to have opened her heart to the wider principles of universal benevolence. The storm of passion had been for ever hushed in her breast; but better, purer affections remained to gladden her existence with a happiness without alloy, the happiness of a heart full of love to its fellow-creatures, which was thus preparing for regions of eternity where, in the exercise of those holy faculties, angels find delight such as eye hath never seen nor ear heard. With repose and placidity of mind, all the loveliness of her person returned; and matured in form, the elevated expression of her face more than compensated for the loss of youth's freshness. The memory of former days indeed was not effaced, and sometimes a sigh would show a child's undying regret for her parent, or a sudden blush reveal, that tenderer reminiscences were there; perhaps of Grafenried's devoted love, or those unlimited offerings of affection from the Duke of Savoy, which her appreciation of the noblest parts of his character made her willingly recall.

It was on an evening in May, when the first delicious tokens of the advance of summer woo us to enjoy its soft delights, when the birds are uttering their last song at the close of day, and each plant emits a stronger fragrance, that Marie sat in the porch of her cottage, diligently occupied in weaving during Anima's absence, rambling with her children in the valley.

A footstep cautiously, stealthily, approached; and, unseen by her, a man, past the prime of life, whose dress marked that he belonged to a different class from what usually frequented those parts, observed with a close inspection the appearance of the dwelling, as if to ascertain whether any other inmates were near, and then approached close to her. But Marie's meditation was so deep that she did not observe the intruder till he was close at her elbow, nor till a voice, long since heard, but not forgotten, broke on her ear; and then a sudden flush marked her surprise, and she exclaimed, "My Prince, Victor!"

"Hush, Marie,—as you value my existence and your own promise, to serve me in my hour

of need, uttered some years ago, hush!—I come to claim it. A fugitive, with a price set on my head, the amount of which would ensure comfort to you and to your kin for years yet to come, say, will you obtain it and denounce me, or risk your safety and your good fortune to preserve mine? Ere long an armed troop will probably pursue, and drag me, if discovered, to captivity and death!"

"Say no more," replied Marie, "come while time remains, ere any one arrive whose poverty might be a temptation to treachery." She seized his hand, and dragging him hastily to an inner apartment locked the door.

"Now say," added she, "what means this disguise, this ill-advised flight? Say, who were the craven hearts which could desert their Prince, and drive him to such a step?"

As briefly as possible, Victor related the disasters of his troops, the success of the French, and the importance of concealment to him, till a brighter future should dawn. To her, who

could understand all his feelings, he would fain have poured forth the whole tale of woe which oppressed his heart; but she silenced him, for footsteps were in the adjoining room, and the voices of children told that Anima had returned, and she trembled, while the colour, as it went and came in rapid alternation, showed how deeply her feelings were interested in his safety.

"Oh, my Prince! how shall I serve you, how guard you from the inadvertent imprudence of those innocent hearts, how account for the appearance of a stranger here? Stay"—she paused —then added, "there is a place where none will suspect your existence—none will search for you—but you must wait and be still."

Hastily she left him, and entered the next apartment, where he heard her authoritatively bid Anima take her children thence for some moments; but Anima was evidently oppressed by fear, and in accents so tremulous that he could scarcely discover their import, told of armed men in the valley, of dark reports and cause for alarm.

From these incoherent accents he gathered that the French were indeed in pursuit, and had tracked him there.

Marie's energy, however, rose with the exigency of the case; and repeating urgently her request to Anima, she obtained a moment's privacy, which she instantly profited by to summon Victor to follow her, and leading the way ascended a narrow staircase. She then showed him a dark loft in the roof where lay the store of flax, for the next year's use, and pointing to it with a scarcely audible whisper bade him creep beneath the heap, and covering him completely with the half dried stalks, left him in what she scarce dared hope was safety.

It was a moment of agonizing suspense to the duke, who longed to know the full extent of his danger; but Marie had left him, and there was no means of satisfying his curiosity. Some hours passed of physical, as well as of mental suffering; for the irksomeness of his position, the confined atmosphere he breathed, together with the effluvia from the half dried flax, was a most insupportable,

and anxiety aggravated the painfulness of his situation.

Suddenly there was a confusion below, a noise which pierced even to his retreat, the clash of arms, and a woman's shriek. The Duke thought of Marie, and he burned to fly to her rescue; but he remembered his son, his darling son, whose inheritance depended on his safety, and with effort, he remained still.

He could not doubt that they were his pursuers who had so rudely entered the dwelling, and who swore with horrid execrations to search every hole and corner of the valleys till they should find their prey. He heard them visit every nook, shake every door, and, at length, could discern their tramp on the very staircase which led to his place of concealment; but his surprise, his horror, was indescribable at hearing Marie's voice telling the way to the loft, and volunteering to be their guide. A thrill of mortification ran through his heart, and paralyzed every nerve. This, then, thought he, is human nature: that she, the being in whose virtue he had so implicitly confided, whose

character he so warmly admired, could not withstand temptation, but was about to betray him, defenceless, into the enemy's power. Was existence worth having in such a faithless world? The thought passed rapidly through his mind, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling, he was about to rush forward, careless of discovery, to spring on the foremost who should enter, and dearly sell the life he would not that a woman should deliver up; but he perceived that Marie herself drew near, and laying a strong hand upon his shoulder detained him in his position.

"See," said she, "our store of flax; search, and satisfy yourselves that nought is hidden there."

She raised pile after pile with a quiet composure, calculated to banish suspicion, interposing her person so dexterously between the Duke and the soldiers, that not a glimpse of him could be obtained; then, turning to the other side, invited them to prosecute the search; seating herself, meantime, on the recumbent body of Victor with undaunted coolness.

"Sacre!" said one of the men, "there is nothing here; not at least of flesh and blood, and if there be, this bayonet shall prove." He drew the weapon, but Marie shrunk not. He pierced the flax, once, twice, and the dim light concealed the death-like paleness which overspread her cheek. Again he thrust the weapon in, and this time not in vain; for, determined to prove the sincerity of her willingness to shed her blood in his defence, Marie so effectually screened the Duke, as to receive in her own person the wound intended for him; and the bayonet, as it was withdrawn, was crimsoned with her blood; nevertheless she neither shrieked nor groaned, but calmly said,—

"You have done valiantly; you have pierced this harmless flax, and wounded a woman who aided your search. Go, boast of the deed!"

She then attempted to rise, but sunk back exhausted; the other soldiers, charmed with her courage, and indignant at the unnecessary violence of their comrade, took her part, and a quarrel ensued, in which, the object of their visit

was forgotten, and the party fought their way down the stairs.

Their fierce looks and angry gestures terrified the children, who clung to Anima with tears she vainly tried to calm. One, a fine little fellow of five years of age, whose clear blue eye denoted a bolder spirit within, approached the rough soldiers, and fearlessly asked, "Where is Marie, our good Marie?" But the ruffian, who had wounded her struck him with his musket, and with a brutal imprecation, they left the cottage to search further.

"They are gone, thank God!" sobbed Anima, clasping her children closer to her bosom; "but Marie, where is she?" She rushed up the stairs, and to her surprise beheld her still crouching on the heap of flax.

With an effort beyond her strength, Marie rose and dragged herself to meet her.

"Anima," said she, "be wise; trust in me, and ask no questions, which would only produce an answer you had best not hear; return to your

duties with all the calmness you can assume, and heed me not."

With difficulty she then, to lure her from the dangerous vicinity, crawled down the steep and creaking stairs; and Anima beheld with horror that each step was marked by crimson drops. On reaching the bottom, strength and consciousness alike failed, and Marie lay senseless on the floor.

All that the tenderest solicitude could do in staunching the blood and restoring animation, was tried by Anima; and when consciousness at length returned, it was but too evident that it would be long ere the sufferer could again leave the bed on which she had been placed; and this was the bitterest pang, for Marie remembered that Victor's safety depended on her. She shrunk from confiding the secret to Anima, whose weaker nature unfitted her for any bold undertaking, and whose affection for her husband, now absent on the frontier, would have made her tremble to be the depositary of aught

which could involve his safety. Meanwhile, the Duke might perish for want in that very place where she sought to preserve his life. She thought of every possible means of reaching him, and repeatedly strove to use the disabled limb, hoping it would serve her purpose of crawling up the stairs, with a portion of food which might last some days; but it was in vain, the nerve was severed, and the agony of moving was such that even her strong desire could not overrule the physical impossibility. While lying thus, in a state of mental anxiety more exhausting even than the bodily pains, the little Henri came bounding to her side, and astonished at seeing her, whose life and energy had never failed, laid in helpless suffering on the bed, with marks of blood (those fearful tokens to childhood) all about her, and still frightened at the scenes of violence he had witnessed, buried his face on her pillow, and burst into tears.

"Marie, dear Marie, have they hurt you?"

A groan, as the unheeding boy in his impetuous approach shook the wounded limb, was her

only reply; and with sudden indignation the boy continued—

"Would that I were a man, and had a carbine, Marie, to avenge you!"

"Henri," said the sufferer, "help is better than revenge; and you can help, ay! you can partly cure my pain. Go," she added, "fetch your bowl of milk and the loaf of bread laid ready for your evening meal, and carry it (ere your mother return from the field, where she is gone to gather healing herbs) to the loft, set it on the floor; stay not an instant, but return at once, and you will find that thus you have helped to ease my pain."

Unaccustomed to mystery, where all was the open communication of hearts who knew no evil, Henri implicitly obeyed without suspicion, and was rewarded by Marie's smile of approbation and look of peace; while Victor took the hint, and daily from his close concealment watched the flaxen-headed boy deposit his supper on the floor, and silently depart.

Anima, however, perceived there was a secret withheld from her, and she longed for her hus-

band's daily expected return to communicate her fears, for awed by Marie's firm, decisive manner, she dared not press her inquiries.

Some days passed, and happiness seemed to have fled Durand's cottage; Marie's illness increased; Anima was anxious and dejected, while the children dispirited, they knew not why, checked their boisterous mirth; the valleys were in consternation at the news of Victor's flight from Turin, and terrified by the appearance of emissaries from the French army entering their dwellings in search of him. It was thus that Durand and his victorious troop found them on their arrival from ravaging the French frontier. A change had indeed passed over him since his return to the valleys; but time, which had pressed heavily on others, had bestowed improvement on him: and the handsome uniform of Colonel of the Vaudois chasseurs (with which appointment Victor Amadeus had rewarded his services), decorated with many badges of honourable testimony, set off to advantage his martial bearing and noble figure. He and his followers had heard

of Victor's flight, and mourned for the momentary check the allied armies had received in the North of Italy, but a brighter light since then had appeared, and they brought the joyful news that Prince Eugene was rapidly hastening to the relief of Turin now besieged by La Feuillade; and nothing was wanting but the presence of the fugitive Prince (whose place of concealment was unknown) to cheer his people's hopes, and regain the laurels which had been lost.

To Durand, Marie had determined to confide the oppressive secret, which she well knew nothing would tempt his generous spirit to betray; and with a delight which veiled every evidence of pain, she unfolded to him on his return her mysterious tale. He listened, and to her surprise, exclaimed—"And is he here indeed?—Our Prince—and has this roof sheltered him—and have you suffered in his cause? Oh Marie! your courage, your presence of mind, has saved the dominions of Savoy, and perhaps may be the means of freeing Europe from the oppressor's tyranny!"

He mounted the stairs, and respectfully called

on the Duke to come forth, then kneeling before him with enthusiastic devotion unfolded the news he had brought, and urged him not to tarry, but hasten to join the victorious army of Eugene, and once more assert the power of Savoy.

Though pale and disfigured by his close confinement, the appearance of Victor Amadeus was calculated to inspire the people with whom he was now about to make his first acquaintance, with a favourable impression.

With princely dignity he received Durand's homage, gracefully recognised his still beautiful wife; then, with a tenderer manner, turned to the couch where Marie lay, and leaning over her, whispered, "My deliverer, my friend, is it thus you suffer for me? Oh, Marie! say can I do nothing to reward your generous care, your noble self-sacrifice?"

He bent closer to her, and added, "Will you not now return with me to Turin? not now listen to the suit I dared to press before, and thus multiply the benefits I never can repay?"

Marie blushed deeply, but she unhesitatingly replied,—

"Go, my sovereign, where the open path of glory invites you to tread, nor ask me to obscure its rays, by yielding to wishes which are not compatible with the interests of a great and glorious prince. Bear with you the conviction that the Vaudois have justified their faith; and as for me, believe that the dearest reminiscence of my life will be that I have been permitted to suffer in your cause. No thanks, my sovereign; they would be unsuitable to you—grievous to me. To that child, indeed," she added, turning to Henri, "some trifling token of the past, to show in future days, as a proof how early he was bred up in devotion to your house, would be dear,—to me, memory is enough!"

He caught the boy in his arms, and holding him aloft, in view of the multitude, who were now crowding round the door to behold the Prince who they had learnt was there, exclaimed,

"Dear as this child, who in his guileless innocence preserved his monarch's life, shall henceforth be the safety of the Vaudois to Victor Amadeus!"

Then taking from his bosom a curiously chased

silver goblet, a family relic, which in his haste he had borne from his palace at Turin, the Duke slung it on a golden chain round Henri's neck, as a trifling memorial of his services to him.

A loud shout of applause burst from the delighted crowd, and they knelt to do homage with enthusiastic affection to the Prince, who, as he passed (hurried on by Durand, who was anxious for his speedy return to his capital), shook hands with each, and received their blessings with an emotion he could ill conceal; and when in after years, triumphant over his foes, he sat, a powerful monarch on the throne of Sardinia, the remembrance of that visit did not fade from the hearts of his simple-hearted subjects, who would often recall with pride their services to their Prince, and in a later age show the memorial to their children, which is still preserved as an almost sacred relic in the family of Durand Canton.

NOTES.

Vol. 1—*page* 1.

" The little valley of Angrogna."

THE valleys which the Vaudois have raised into celebrity lie to the west of Piedmont, between the province of Pignerol and Briançon, and adjoining on the other side to the ancient Marquisate of Susa, and that of Saluces. The capital, La Tour, being about thirty-six miles from Turin, and fourteen from Pignerol. The extent of the valleys is about twelve Italian miles, making a square of about twenty-four French leagues.—*Authentic Details of the Waldenses.*

Vol. 1—*page* 2.

" The family of Solara."

It is many years since the Vaudois could enumerate any of noble birth among the professors of their faith. Gilles, the Waldensian historian, in his annual of 1617, makes mention of one whose melancholy fate he describes at some length.

This was the Lady Octavia Solara, the daughter of a nobleman of ancient and illustrious family, which had long been distinguished for its zealous adherence to the Protestant tenets. The father of this lady, after having suffered greatly from persecution, was stript of all his lands and property, and took refuge with his wife and children in the valley of Luserna. The beauty and virtues of Octavia attracted the notice of the Count de Cavour, a man of great wealth and influence at the court of Turin, who promised not only to respect her religious opinions, and to permit her to enjoy the free exercise of her religion, but engaged to exert his interest for the restoration of the confiscated property of the family, if she would marry him. Contrary to the expostulations of the pastor of La Torre, who foresaw and predicted the result, she accepted the count's hand. He took away her Bible and Psalm-book, and her other books of devotion; he prevented her having any communication with a spiritual comforter of her own faith, and drove her into a state of low melancholy, which cut her

off in the flower of youth. A short time before she died, a female friend expressed a hope that she might recover. "Pray not for my recovery," said the noble lady, "but implore the Almighty to receive me while I am yet true to my crucified Saviour, and before weakness of mind or body shall reduce me to a condition, in which I may be so lost as to deny the Lord who bought me." —*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 2.

"The cry of the persecuted Vaudois."

They are called Vaudois, not that they are descended of Peter Valdo of Lyons, as some historians have thought, but because they are original inhabitants of the valleys. For the word Vaudois or Valdenses, comes from the word Val, which signifies a valley.—*Boyer's History of the Vaudois.*

"The Vaudois are neither Swiss nor French, they are Italians, and are so named (by a corrupt change of the V into W) from the mountain valleys which they inhabit on the eastern side of the Cottian chain of Alps, between Mount Viso and Mount Genevre. Pinerolo is their nearest capital, and they are subjects of the King of Sardinia."—1831.

Vol. 1—*page* 3.

" Boasted they could trace their descent from the days when the Apostles bore testimony to their crucified Lord."

The Vaudois, or the inhabitants of the valleys of Piedmont, received the doctrine of the Gospel in the time of the apostles, either from the apostles themselves, or by those who immediately succeeded them. St. Paul being carried to Rome, in the reign of Nero, sojourned there two years; and there in the capital city, mistress of the world, he preached the Gospel of Christ, and laid the foundation of a flourishing church. * * * * * * This great apostle having gained many disciples in this famous city, God made them instruments of planting the Christian religion in Italy, and in Piedmont, which is part of Italy. For the history of the church tells us, that those whom God had illuminated with his holy doctrine, burnt with a desire of imparting the saving grace, of which they did participate, to others. If it be true also, that St. Paul performed his voyage as he designed, Rom. xv., 24, he took Rome in his way, it's not to be doubted, but that if he went by land, he passed through Piedmont, for it's in the direct way from Rome to Spain. If he had passed through Piedmont, as in all appearance he did, it's

certain he preached there, for he preached everywhere where he came.—*Boyer on the Religion of the Vaudois.*

Vol. 1—*page* 5.

" The Vaudois Pastor."

Pastors, or Barbes.—This name, which originally signified uncle, was generally given to those persons treated with any particular respect and reverence, &c. " These barbes were," says Leger, " models of all virtue, pious, humble, innocent, mild, and peaceable; as well as diligent, laborious, and vigilant in their office; faithful labourers in their Lord's vineyard; they consecrated all their time and talents to the care of souls, exposing themselves to reproaches and persecutions, nay, even death itself, in defence of the truth; despising the vanities, luxuries, and honours which the world offered to them. In a word, they fulfilled to the utmost every duty of nature and society."—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 5.

" The tenets of the Vaudois church."

" Judge of us, not from the articles of faith, which our enemies have drawn up in our name,

but from those which we ourselves have deliberately framed, of which we have signified our approbation, and which we have solemnly and publicly avowed."

This is what every Christian body has a right to demand; and the Waldenses, happily for their own sakes, and for the sake of truth, can point to treatises, to confessions of faith, to catechisms, and other instruments of unquestionable authenticity, and of great antiquity, by which they are willing to be tried. "These," say they, "contain the sentiments of our forefathers, and our own: they are of seven hundred years' standing at the least, and herein is to be found a plain exposition of the belief, the discipline, and the morality of the Waldensian church:"—"The Noble Lesson," "The Ancient Confession of Faith," "The Catechism of the Ancient Waldenses," and the "Treatise of Antichrist," are the principal documents to which appeal is made.—*See Leger's "Histoire des Eglises Vaudoises," and Morland's "History of the Evangelical Churches of the Valleys of Piedmont," for copies of these expositions.*

Vol. 1—*page* 6.

"Ancient treaties."

The Duke of Savoy gave them a patent,

signed at Pignerol, the 9th of August, 1655, by which he pardoned the Vaudois for taking up arms against him; he established them in their goods and privileges and in a free exercise of their religion, except in some places excepted in the patent.

In 1678, Madame Royale, widow of Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, engaged herself to the Protestant Cantons, by a letter writ the 28th of January, 1679, to maintain the Vaudois in the free exercise of their religion, and in all other privileges and immunities.—*Boyer's History of the Vaudois.*

Vol. 1—*page* 10.

"The horizon was charged with clouds."

The Vaudois had intelligence of the great violences that were made use of in France to force the Protestants there to change their religion; they had likewise news that that king had cancelled the Edict of Nantes, and they were sensible that the prohibition that was made them of giving a safe retreat to their brethren of France was of a dangerous consequence; but they did not foresee all the misery that happened to them since, nor all the evils that were prepared for them.—*Boyer's History of the Vaudois.*

Vol. 1—*page* 11.

" Friend and former pupil."

Some of the venerable pastors, like the apostles, applied themselves to mechanical arts; but the most particular object of their care was the instruction of youth.—*Authentic Details of the Waldenses.*

Vol. 1—*page* 15.

" The women occupied themselves in tending the silkworms."

Raw silk is not only the staple commodity of Piedmont, but some of the best comes out of the valleys of Luserna and Perosa; and it is one of the greatest resources which the Vaudois possess. —*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 16.

" The loup cervier."

" A beast larger than a fox, with the face of a cat, and most of the attributes of a wolf. It is peculiar to the Piedmontese mountains, and commits such destruction that the government gives 200 francs for each. One had killed nine sheep in a night. The animal's habit is to pierce

the jugular vein, and suck the blood till its prey dies."

Vol. 1—*page* 16.

"They were exercising their skill and the range of their rifles."

Their favourite amusement, the triata, has been virtually prohibited. The government has not, indeed, said you shall no longer have your fête-days, and fire at your targets, and crown the victor and carry him in procession with music and shouts, but it has so shackled the sport with expensive regulations and vexatious accompaniments, that it is gradually becoming obsolete. . . . . There is scarcely a cottage or a hovel, whose owner is master of a gun, which does not display a block of wood which has served as a mark, and yet contains a ball in or near its centre, as a proud memorial of the skill of one of his family. I have delighted many a peasant by noticing this trophy of unerring aim, and by asking the history of the triumphant day in which the prize was won.—*Gilly's Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 22.

"At Rora in the massacre of 1663."

The valleys were suddenly inundated in the

beginning of 1663, by a large army under the command of the Marquis de Fleuri. Treachery and atrocity, as usual, on the one side, and heroic devotedness on the other, marked the progress of this war during fourteen months. Never were greater energies developed by the oppressed.

In 1664 the Duke of Savoy was glad, under pretence of yielding to the remonstrance of Protestant powers to grant peace to those whom he could not destroy.—*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 1—*page* 22.

" Had fallen at Rora in the massacre of 1663."

" A dreadful massacre took place in the Val di Luserna in 1663, when Rora was attacked, but made a noble defence under Captains Janavel and Jayer."

Vol. 1—*page* 25.

" Two figures now appeared."

I am led to suppose, that of all diversions, the pursuit of the chamois is by far the most alluring. Its perils seem to add charms to it, and it is a well-known fact, not only that the professed chamois-hunter generally finds a grave at last among the precipices which he dares, but that he takes nothing less into account, and speaks of

it as an event for which he is fully prepared. The guides who accompany strangers through the Alpine valleys, are fond of recounting the hairbreadth escapes; and daring feats which have come to their ears, and if it is heart-stirring to listen to these tales, I can easily imagine with what glee the youthful adventurer will engage in such enterprises. —*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 31.

"Nobly they preserved their faith."

There is a pride which the "men of the valleys" display, in alluding to the deeds of their forefathers, which is perfectly irrepressible; their brows contract, and their indignation kindles, and their lips quiver at the slightest reference to the cruelties inflicted by the scourges of their country in the seventeenth century. — *Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 34.

The family of Arnaud, or Arnold, was originally of La Tour, where Henri Arnaud was born in 1641, educated in the Latin school there; as he was intended for the church, he probably went to Basle, Geneva, or Lausanne; but after-

wards, on account of the troubles in the valleys, he seems to have given up the idea of the church, and entered into the service of William of Orange, where he attained the rank of captain, as well as other favours. Previous to the year 1686, it appears he returned to his studies, and took orders.

Vol. 1—*page* 37.

"A messenger from Savoy, arrived last night with fresh requisitions, from his court."

They were strangely surprised when there was published in the valleys an order of the Duke of Savoy, on the 31st of January, 1686, which did generally forbid the exercise of the Protestant religion, under pain of death, and confiscation of all their goods, and their churches to be demolished, and all their ministers to be sent into banishment; all infants born hereafter to be baptized and brought up in the Roman religion, under penalty of condemning their fathers to the gallies. It is impossible to express the grief and fears of the Vaudois at the sight of so surprising, rigorous, and unjust an order, so contrary to their rights and privileges. The former orders tended only to the restraining them in narrower bounds, but the ordinance of the 31st of January, entirely

deprived them of the exercise of their religion and liberty of conscience.

Vol. 1—*page* 58.

"The melancholy La Valliere."

En 1675, elle embrassa la ressource des ames tendres, &c. . . Sa conversion fut aussi célèbre que sa tendresse. Elle se fit carmélite à Paris, et persévéra . . . . Elle vécut dans ces austérités depuis 1675, jusqu'en 1710 sous le nom de sœur Louise de la Miséricorde.—*Voltaire, Siècle de Louis XIV.*

Vol. 1—*page* 59.

Athénais de Mortemar, Marquise de Montespan, parut a la cour, et effaça tout ce qui y avoit paru avant elle. Tous les dons de la nature repandus avec profusion, une negligence naturelle qui donnoient des charmes à ses paroles, a ses moindres mouvemens, en faisoient la beauté la plus regulière et la plus sensuelle. Les agrémens de la figure et de l'esprit, sembloient être héréditaires dans la famille de Mortemar. De quel côte qu'on la regardait, on ne trouvait que beauté, esprit, érudition. Paroles et regards, tout était grace dans Madame de Montespan.—*Mémoires*

de Madame de Maintenon, par De la Beaumelle.

Vol. 1—*page* 61.

En revenant de Strasbourg la reine tomba malade; le roi en parut très affligé. Madame de Maintenon se partagea entre le roi, qu'elle consolait avec affection, et la reine qu'elle servoit avec empressement.

Les médecins avoient cessé d'espérer. Madame la Dauphine demandoit de recevoir la dernière benediction de sa mère mourante. . . . La reine recouvra la voix et la vue, appella Madame de Maintenon, qui s'était retirée pour gémir, et pour prier en liberté. Elle tira sa bague de son doigt et la lui donna, soit par un secret pressentiment de ce qui devoit arriver, soit pour lui laisser une marque non suspecte de son estime, ou pour indiquer au roi le choix qu'il devoit faire s'il s'élévoit un jour audessus du prejugé. Arrivée en ce moment ou tout paroit petit, hormis la vertu, elle alloit donner essor a ses sentimens pour la seule femme irreproachable de la cour la plus corrompue: la parole expira sur ses lèvres, et l'on n'entendit que quelque mots entrecoupés par ses soupirs.—*Monsieur De la Beaumelle, Mémoires de Maintenon.*

Vol. 1—*page* 72.

"Mistress," exclaimed Louvois, "but this is his wife."

Several authors agree in proving that Louis actually married Madame de Maintenon.

De la Beaumelle says—

"Louis reveroit Madame de Maintenon encore plus qu'il ne l'aimoit. Il ne déclara pas son mariage parcequ'il vit que personne n'en doutoit.

"Quelques mémoires disent qu'en ayant parlé à Louvois comme d'une affaire qui n'étoit pas encore décidée, et sur laquelle il vouloit son avis, ce ministre s'ecria, 'Ah, Sire! songez vous bien a ce que vous me dites? Le plus grand roi du monde, couvert de gloire, épouser la veuve Scarron?' Le roi lui ayant dit en souriant qu'il s'emportoit mal a propos, Louvois se jette a ses genoux, les embrasse, lui dit avec vivacité, 'Dussiez vous, Sire, m'oter mes biens, ma liberté, ma vie, je le dirai, votre Majesté se déshonoré.'

"Le roi lui releva, et lui dit, qu'il y penserait."

It appears from the same historian that the king mentioned this circumstance to Madame de Maintenon; but he adds, "Mais on a vue que la mésintelligence de Madame de Maintenon et de Louvois avait une origine plus ancienne."

On the subject of the marriage Monsieur de la Berchère, Archevêque de Narbonne, says,

"Un jour d'hiver, Harlai, Archevêque de Paris, se leva de tres grand matin, et dit à son premier Aumônnier, 'Préparez un ornement verd, et marquez le missel à l'article Matrimoniis.'

"L'archevêque fit mettre l'ornement et le missel dans un carrosse et se rendit au Château de Versailles. Bontems, premier valet de chambre, et le Marquis de Montchevreuil, servirent de témoins, l'archevêque et le confesseur furent les ministres.

"Quelques uns prétendent que le Marquis de Louvois et le chevalier de Fourbrie furent du nombres des témoins.

"L'acte de célébration, n'est point dans les archives de l'archevêché de Paris ou il devoit être. Harlai l'emporta dans sa poche. Il étoit si negligent, que toutes les fois qu'il changeoit d'habit il renfermoit dans une armoire celui qu'il quittoit pour s'épargner la peine de mettre en ordre ses papiers. A sa mort on trouva sous la clef, quantité de vieilles culottes dont l'une contenoit cet acte."

Vol. 1—*page* 77.

"The kindest Princess that ever drew breath."

Henrietta of England, sister to Charles II., mar-

ried Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV., in 1670. Shortly after, she died so suddenly as to excite strong suspicions of having been poisoned.

Vol. 1—*page* 78.

" The friend thou didst confide in."

Fouquet, the Minister of Louis XIV., was deposed from his office and confined in the prisons of Vincennes and La Bastille on a charge of embezzling the public treasures, but it was supposed that he had offended Louis by lifting the eyes of admiration on Mademoiselle La Vallière. Voltaire says—

" Ce qui augmentait le ressentiment du roi, c'est que Mademoiselle de la Vallière avait été un des objets de gout du surintendant qui ne ménageait rien pour les satisfaire. Il avait offert a Mademoiselle de la Vallière deux cent mille livres de rente; cette offre avait été reçue avec indignation."—*Siècle de Louis XIV.*

Vol. 1—*page* 81.

" Most reverend Prelate."

" Le diocèse de Paris etait alors gouverné par Monsieur Harlai de Chanvallon, Prélat qui s'étoit glissé plutot qu'il n'était entré dans l'église. Archevêque de Rouen, il avait rempli tout son diocèse du bruit de son incontinence. Ses déré-

glemens lui valurent l'archevêché de Paris. Le roi et Madame de Montespan craignaient un censeur rigide; ils se flattèrent qu'un pasteur gangréné de vices n'aurait pas le front de leur reprocher leur foiblesses."

Vol. 1—*page* 82.

" Madame Guyon."

The revival of quietism in the reign of Louis XIV. was owing to Madame de Guyon, and her finding too warm and powerful a friend in Fénélon. She was descended from respectable parents, and inherited from them an ample fortune. Beauty, wit, elegance, whatever is most captivating in the female form or mind, she is allowed to have possessed in an eminent degree, and after a very severe inquiry, her adversaries were forced to confess, that in every part of her life her morals were irreproachable. She composed two works, her " Short Methods of Prayer," and her " Torrents."

She travelled over many parts of France, and everywhere made friends and proselytes, and finally arrived in Paris. She was soon admitted to the Hotel de Beauvilliers; there in Fénélon she found a willing hearer, and when she descanted before him on the pure and disinterested

love of God, she touched a nerve of exquisite sensibility which vibrated to his heart. From the Hotel de Beauvilliers quietism spread rapidly, extended over Paris and the provinces, and attracted the notice of the French clergy. At first it was relished by Madame de Maintenon, but her good sense quickly led her to suspect it.—*Butler's Life of Fénélon.*

Vol. 1—*page* 89.

" Racine, come to make kings and queens of us all."

In his piece of " Esther," which was performed for the first time at St. Cyr, in the presence of the court, it was supposed that Racine intended to represent the characters of Louis and Madame de Maintenon under those of Ahasuerus and Esther, and those of Louvois and Madame de Montespan under those of Vashti and Haman.

Vol. 1—*page* 101.

" Madame Hervaud."

Madame Hervaud, veuve du Controleur-General des Finances, animée de ce zèle de religion envoiait autant d'argent pour empêcher les con-

versions que Pélisson pour en faire.—*Voltaire, Siècle de Louis XIV.*

Vol. 1—*page* 107.

" Fénélon, Abbé de St. Vallery."

With the name of Fénélon the most pleasing ideas are associated. To singular elevation both of genius and sentiment, he united extreme modesty and simplicity; unconquerably firm in every thing which he considered a duty, he displayed both on great and ordinary occasions a meekness which nothing could discompose. In the midst of a voluptuous court he practised the virtues of an anchorite; equally humble and elegant, severe to himself and indulgent to others, a mysterious holiness hangs on his character and attracts our veneration, while his misfortunes shed over him a tinge of distress, which excites our tenderest sympathy.—*Butler's Life of Fénélon.*

Vol. 1—*page* 125.

" D'Aubigné, my brother."

Madame de Maintenon donna les premiers momens de sa faveur a sa famille, elle aimoit son frère avec tendresse, elle n'oublia rien pour

l'engager a relever le nom d'Aubigné par quelque action d'éclat. Charles d'Aubigné fit ses premieres armes dans le régiment du Cardinal Mazarin, dont il fut enseigne, et dans celui du roi, ou il fut lieutenant. Louvois sans cesse importuné par Madame de Maintenon lui donna deux compagnies, une d'infanterie, et une autre de cavalerie, et le fit nommer au gouvernement d'Amersfort.

Madame de Maintenon tâcha de le rendre propre a la grandeur, mais tous ces conseils ne reussirent pas . . . . . Avec mille autres defauts il aimoit la depense, et perdait pour ainsi dire dans un moment les sommes qui avoient tant coutés a sa sœur . . . . . Ses mœurs n'étoient pas plus reglés que sa depense.—*Mémoires de Madame de Maintenon.*

Vol. 1—*page* 132.

" Is Louvois who would steep a whole country in blood."

Several biographers agree in mentioning Louvois' severity towards the Protestants; and Voltaire says, in his *Siècle de Louis XIV.*

" Louis XIV. était animé contre les religionnaires par les remonstrances continuelles de son clergé, par les insinuations des jésuites, et enfin par le Chancellier Le Tellier, et Louvois, son fils."

Vol. 1—*page* 174.

"The sad news of expected persecution."

After the treaty of Pignerol in 1655, (at which period the history of Bresse terminates,) the affairs of the Vaudois remained much in the same state till 1685, when the Duke of Savoy was induced by Louis XIV. to revoke all his promises, by a new edict. This edict commanded the demolition of their churches, and the immediate banishment of all pastors and schoolmasters, forbad the education of children in the Vaudois faith, and prohibited the public and private exercise of their religion.

Louis XIV. not only pressed this measure on the duke; but in 1686, according to a former promise, sent 14,000 men, under the Marquis de Catinat, to join the Piedmontese army, then marching to enforce the obedience on the Vaudois.

Vol. 1—*page* 142.

"The bloody massacre of 1655."

The Marquis de Pianezza was employed by the Duchess of Savoy, in 1655, to conduct the per-

secution instituted by her and the Council of Propagation against the Vaudois. This he did with unheard-of cruelty, nor scrupled to lure them into his power by gracious promises and deceitful caresses; after which he fell upon them, and mercilessly butchered them. The account of this massacre is delivered at length by Leger, but the details are too horrible to bear repetition. After the massacre, a bloody war ensued, wherein the Vaudois made a surprising resistance, especially at Rora, where they rallied, under the command of Captains Jayer and Gianavello, whose deeds of heroism and valour are recorded at length by the Vaudois historians. In one instance, Gianavello withstood the forces of the Marquis de Pianezza, which amounted to 600, at the head of a little body of 18 men, and triumphing over them, killed 60, and chased the rest.

In several other encounters, this hero conquered the armies of Pianezza and Mario, assisted by Captain Jayer; but at length he fell, covered with wounds, and was taken prisoner. On the same day Jayer also was killed.—*Abridgment of Boyer.*

Vol. 1—*page* 151.

" Paris and its vicinity was infested by villains."

Car, sitot que du soir les ombres pacifiques
D'un double cadenas font fermer les boutiques

Que retiré chez lui le paisible marchand,
Va revoir ses billets et compter son argent,
Que dans le marché neuf tout est calme et tranquille;
Les voleurs a l'instant s'emparent de la ville.
Le bois le plus funeste et le moins frequenté,
Est, au prix de Paris un lieu de sureté,
Malheur donc à celui qu'une affaire imprévue,
Engage un peu tard au détour d'une rue!
Bientot quatre bandits, lui serrant les cotes—
La bourse—il faut se rendre; ou bien, non, resistez,
Afin que votre mort de tragique mémoire,
Des massacres fameux aille grossir l'histoire.

Sixième Satire de Boileau.

Vol. 1—*page* 175.

"The decree which required them to submit their children to Popish baptism."

The Vaudois were commanded, under pain of death, to raze their churches, and submit their children to the Romish priest for baptism. This poor flock, in their first surprise at so cruel a decree, attempted, by repeated supplication, to avert its execution. Finding this measure ineffectual, they resolved, in case of any attack on their lives and liberties, for conscience sake, neither to abandon their country, nor desert their

worship, but to defend themselves, after the example of their forefathers.

Their prince, who neither expected such a resolution, nor was prepared for resistance, and feeling a point of honour at stake, accepted the aid which had been offered by France. The Vaudois put themselves on the defensive, and were attacked on the 23d April, 1686.—*Acland.*

Vol. 1—*page* 179.

"The spot consecrated to their worship."

I have now an edict of the year 1650, lying before me, by which, in violation of all former grants and privileges, the Vaudois were forbidden to exercise or teach their religion in any part of the commune of La Torre near Lucerna, and were compelled to flee for refuge to aerial hamlets, which, like Taglearetta, Bonetti, and Borel, are on the steepest slopes of the mountain. Sacred, therefore, are the walls which, by no great stretch of the imagination, we may imagine to have received the people of God, when they were driven from their own pleasant habitations on the sunny banks of the Pelice; and sacred is every path that leads to them, for here the ground was occasionally disputed inch by inch, every crag was a watch-tower, every tree a battlement, and by dint of

the sword, was the whole mountain side defended, as one of the last strong holds of religious liberty. —*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 190.

"The noble Giavnaello."

Jahier was the companion in arms of Gianavello, whom in the language of one of those who has piously recorded his feats in 1655, "God raised up in those days, as a choice instrument of his own, for the preservation of the poor scattered remnant of his people."

Jahier died with his face towards the enemy, and with his hand upon his sword, and two of his sons with him, in an engagement with a body of horse, in the vale of San Giovanni. The character of this patriot is thus summed up in one of the histories of the massacre of 1655. "He was most worthy of remembrance, and his fame to be renowned to all posterity, especially for his great piety, zeal for the service of God, and the protection of his poor afflicted church and members; a man whom all the terrors of death and ten thousand torments could never affright or make to deny his master. Bold as a lion in all his enterprises, but meek and humble as a lamb in the midst of his victories; always lifting up his hands

towards Heaven, from whence deliverance came, and reciting sweet and comfortable passages of the scripture, wherein he was versed to admiration to the great encouragement of all his followers, and the strengthening of their faith on all occasions.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. I—*page* 193.

"The deep fissures of the rocks with which Angrogna abounded."

The local advantages afforded in these valleys to a religious community, that may have reason to dread the assaults of an enemy, constitute, in the literal sense of the word, "an asylum," fortified by the God of nature. Whether the eye of the traveller looks down from Castelluzzio, Vachère, or Galmont, from the Col de la Croix, or from that of St. Julien, it rests in every direction upon glens, through which it would be madness for a stranger to hope to find his way. The entrance to each of these is commanded by some mountain ridges or projecting points, where watchmen might give timely notice of the pursuer's approach; and the signal for flight would be followed by escape through one or other of a multitude of tracks; the very number of which would of itself be perplexing. By one the fugitive

would find his way through a labyrinth of paths; by a second he would penetrate into the darkness and complexities of a forest, where rocky beds of torrents, caverns of unknown depth, thick foliage, entwining branches, and hollow trunks of aged trees, would defy any thing short of a numerous force to make effectual search, more especially in former times before these valleys were thinned of their natural sylvan productions, to make way for the grain or plantations of man.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 194.

"Their faith in scriptural promises applied to their own case."

Some have been bold enough to assume in the general history of the Vaudois, in their expatriation and recovery of their country, a perfect antitype of the witnesses who should prophesy for 1260 days, or prophetic years, should be slain by the beast, and, their bodies having been exposed for three days and a half, should again stand on their feet, the spirit of life having entered into them from God. Among these interpreters are Boyer, Bishop, Lloyd, and Whiston.—*H. D. Acland.—Preface.*

Vol. 1—*page* 199.

"Cap Dion Camerade."

A Provençale oath.

Vol. 1—*page* 199.

"Barbets."

Barbet was a term of reproach with which the Vaudois were commonly designated by their enemies. There was a common superstition current among the ignorant, at that time, that they were in league with the devil. To such a height had this belief risen in a former age, that Philip the Seventh desired to see the children of the Vaudois to ascertain the truth of their being born with four rows of double teeth, and one eye in the middle of the forehead.

Vol. 1—*page* 206.

"Believing the hated sect to be entirely expelled."

Those that fell not into the hands of their enemies led a languishing life among the woods and rocks, where they had hid themselves, living on roots and wild herbs that they gathered on the mountains; and in this condition some remained one month and some two.

The enemies of the Vaudois having by their treachery killed more than three thousand of them, and deprived ten thousand of their liberty, and taken and dispersed above two thousand children, they thought they had finished their design, and fell to confiscating the goods and lands of the Vaudois.—*Acland.*

Vol. 1—*page* 209.

"In that dreary cavern."

"This place," says Léger, speaking of Pra del Tor, "is a hollow environed by mountains, situated to the west of La Vachère, and cannot be approached except with much difficulty, and by a path, excavated in places out of the rock, running along the edge of the Angrogna torrent, it is, however, capable of containing a great many people. It was here that, during the thick darkness, and the most cruel persecutions, the ancient barbets, or pastors of the valleys, continued to hold their preachings, and preserved the college, where they instructed those whom they prepared for the ministry."

Brezzi says, speaking of the Vaudois places of retreat—

"The cavern, which served for the academy of our venerable barbets, where they sowed and culti-

vated the principles of their pure and blameless religion, and whence they spread them through the world, is still in existence, it is the cavern of the famous Pré du Tour, in the parish of Angrogna."

Vol. 1—*page* 210.

"Could not we fly."

Away went the inhabitants of the vale to the mountain asylums. Ready to sacrifice all but their religious integrity, they fled from their houses rather than go to mass, and left their pleasant homes in possession of the soldiery.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 221.

"The Vaudois felt the sincerity of their simple friends."

But the enemies of the Vaudois were not so cruel, inhumane, and barbarous towards them as the Republic of Geneva was courteous and charitable; for as soon as they heard of their coming they went to meet them, and every one strove who should bring the most to his house, that he might exercise the greater degree of charity. They did not only treat them as dear and tender

children, but as persons that brought peace and blessings to their families. All those that were naked were clothed, either at the expense of those that charitably received them into their house, or by the purse of the Italian church ; the directors of which, from the beginning to the end, gave extraordinary marks of a tender compassion and ardent charity.—*Boyer's History.*

Vol. 1—*page* 222.

" Claim to the title of the Primitive Church."

Among the most illustrious divines of our own faith who have indicated the primitive succession of the Vaudois, are Theodore Beza, Sleidan, Illyricus, Usher, Mede, Vitringa, Mosheim, Drelincourt, and Archbishop Wake.

Vol. 1—*page* 223.

" The flagrant violation of every duty enjoined by the right of nations."

The valley of Pragela. Nothing in despotism or diplomacy was ever more infamous than the transactions by which the inhabitants of this valley were deprived of their religious rights. They originally formed part of the Waldensian

community, and by virtue of the same ancient treaties, were permitted to enjoy the free exercise of their religion. In one of the wars between the French and Piedmontese, the valleys of Pragela and Perosa were wrested from the Dukes of Savoy, and annexed to the crown of France; but the Protestants, until the reign of Louis XIV., remained in quiet possession of their former privileges. These, indeed, were held so sacred, that they were repeatedly made the subject of express compacts; and the French monarchs pledged themselves, and their successors, to the perpetual observance of them on their own part, and to guarantee their observance, in case of cession. "All their franchises, liberties, immunities, and privileges, both ancient and modern, shall be confirmed to them in the same manner as of right they have enjoyed them heretofore. And if at any time it shall happen that his Majesty, or his successors, shall be constrained to surrender them to the jurisdiction of any other, they shall be transferred with the same conditions and privileges that shall be granted to them by the present treaty, together with their ancient privileges and immunities, which by the said transfer shall neither be changed nor altered in any sort whatever."

Vol. 1—*page* 226.

" The placid loveliness of the lake."

The enchanting banks of Lake Leman threatened to be the Capua which should detain us in idleness and enjoyment, and divert us from our purpose of hastening to Piedmont without unnecessary loss of time. For who can saunter in the gardens, meadows, or corn-fields, which run down to the margin of the lake, or glide along in a boat upon its bright blue waters, without being strongly tempted to prolong his stay, and to enjoy that unrivalled prospect of sylvan, pastoral, and mountain scenery, which delight his eye in this favoured spot? On the Swiss side of the lake there are moral as well as natural charms, which gladden the heart; good government, rich cultivation, and secure possession, are conspicuous in every object. —*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 233.

" They decided on sending to Turin a deputation."

The Protestant cantons, animated with a true Christian zeal and charity, met in a general assembly at Arau, in the month of September, 1686, in which they resolved to demand of the Duke of

Savoy an enlargement of all the prisoners; and to this end they sent two deputies to Count de Govon, resident of the Duke of Savoy at Lucerne, &c. After great difficulties he at length consented, and gave them leave to pass through that part of Savoy that confines upon Bearn; but he would not suffer the prisons to be opened till the midst of winter, in such a rigorous season, that those who were released out of prison, would probably perish by the way.—*Boyer's History.*

Vol. 1—*page* 241.

"Victor Amadeus."

Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, and first King of Sardinia, was born in 1666, and succeeded his father, Charles Emanuel, in 1675.

He married Maria of Orleans, daughter of the brother of Louis XIV., by Henrietta Anne of England, which marriage would have conveyed to the house of Savoy the next hereditary right to the British throne after the house of Stuart, if it had not been set aside by its profession of the Roman Catholic religion. His first military transaction was the expulsion, by much slaughter, of his Protestant subjects, the Vaudois.

In 1687, he joined the grand alliance against France, in which treaty the restoration of the

Vaudois was a secret clause. Voltaire characterizes him as a wise, politic, courageous prince, understanding the art of war, but chargeable with many faults. In the first war against France, he was a severe sufferer; but in 1696 a treaty was concluded, by which all the places he had lost were restored, a sum of money granted him, and a contract of marriage signed between his eldest daughter and the Duke of Burgundy, heir apparent to the crown of France. The Duke of Savoy then joined his troops to those of his new ally, and became generalissimo of Louis XIV.

Soon after these events, another connexion was formed between the house of Bourbon and that of Savoy, by the marriage of Philip, Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis, and afterwards called to the throne of Spain, to the duke's second daughter; and thus he saw the two principal kingdoms of Europe occupied by his immediate descendants. At the commencement of the succession war in 1702, the duke abandoned the interests of these courts, and entered into secret negociations with the allied powers. The French court having found that he had signed a treaty with the emperor, adopted hostile measures, and took from him a number of towns, and in 1706, laid siege to his capital, Turin, which he bravely resisted, until he was effectually succoured by

Prince Eugene, who attacked the French in their trenches, and raised the siege.—*Modern Universal History.*

Vol. 1—*page* 241.

" In compliance with Louis' request."

Louis XIV. having driven his most faithful subjects, *i. e.* the Protestants, out of his kingdom, resolved that his neighbours should do so also; or rather, perhaps, thus sought a pretext for extending his frontiers. He therefore intimated to the Duke of Savoy, that his own example was worthy of imitation, and that it was the duty of his royal highness to abolish the church of the Vaudois, and compel them to embrace the Roman Catholic religion.—*Ackland.*

Vol. 1—*page* 251.

" Their heretic opinions, &c., and their rebellious habits."

But the conduct of the Vaudois was misrepresented at Turin: they were accused of opposing the troops in the exercise of their duty, of not respecting the royal standard, and the forces of their liege lord.

Then came some ruthless ordinance, which drove them to despair: they were commanded to deliver up all their children to be baptized by the

Romish clergy—to surrender the heads of families as hostages—to demolish their churches—to receive the troops at free quarters, even in the most impoverished hamlets on the Alpine ridges. Before the order could be well published, the soldiers were in full march towards the quarters, which had generally been respected; whether they were come to kill and take possession, or what was their intentions, was scarcely understood. The presence of an unpitying enemy advancing towards their last retreats, produced desperate resolutions of self-defence; and the wretched peasants found themselves driven to the last resource of the oppressed, and man stood by man, in the front of some narrow pass, to drive the spoiler from his prey.

It was thus that loyal subjects were forced into conflict with the troops of their sovereign; and that a fierce and unsparing guerilla warfare began to rage between the peasantry of the mountains and the trained militia of the principality, headed by the best commanders of the day.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 251.

"The allegiance and fidelity his flock had maintained to the house of Savoy."

It is certain that the Duke of Savoy had no

better nor more faithful subjects than the Vaudois, who always followed their prince as well in his wars abroad as at home.

They never took up arms but when he would force their consciences, and deprive them of the free exercise of their religion. This appears in this, that every time war was made upon them, they were commanded first to renounce their religion, and go to mass; but all those that obeyed enjoyed several privileges and immunities, without any disturbance. All the crime for which the Vaudois were so severely handled, was because they would not abandon their religion which they received from father to son from the time of the Apostles, and was in every thing conformable to their doctrine.—*Boyer's History.*

Vol. 1—*page* 251.

"The purity of their Christian religion."

The history of the Vaudois occupies, perhaps, the most interesting point of time in Christian history. Confined amidst the mountains of Piedmont, adjoining Dauphiné, they have there preserved the Christian doctrine and worship in evangelical purity and simplicity, whilst the most profound darkness covered the rest of Europe. It is from the Apostles or their immediate successors, that

they have received the gospel, and from that time their faith has never changed; and it is now the same as it was before the Reformation.

The existence of these few thousand Vaudois is therefore most interesting to all Christian nations.—*Authentic Details of the Vaudois.*

Vol. 1—*page* 251.

"The primitive simplicity of their faith."

"The Nobla Leyçon," a poem of A.D. 1100, presents the following proof of the opinions which the Waldenses of that early period entertained of the antiquity of the church.

"Now after the Apostles were certain teachers who went on teaching the way of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Some of whom are found at this present day, but they are known to very few."

After a few lines describing the life and conversation of such teachers, the poem proceeds, "And such an one is called a Vaudois." (Vaudés.)

A manuscript treatise of the same date as that of an ancient catechism, which is also dated A.D. 1100; speaks of the Waldenses as having maintained the same doctrines, "from time immemorial, in continued descent from father to son, even from the times of the Apostles."

Vol. 1—*page* 252.

"Claude, Bishop of Turin."

In the ninth age, lived Claudius of Turin, bishop of that city and the valleys, who writ sharply against the errors of the Church of Rome; this bishop condemned the invocation of saints, the worshipping of images, of relics and the cross; he maintained the doctrine of St. Augustine concerning grace, and by consequence he rejected the merit of good works; he taught that the salvation of mankind doth wholly depend upon the merits and death of Christ; he condemned likewise pilgrimages made to Rome, which the monks brought into request. His whole diocese, according to the writings of a learned man, followed exactly his doctrine, the sheep lovingly following the shepherd.—*Boyer's History.*

Claude was born in Spain, and becoming famous on account of his talents, was patronized by Louis the Meek. This prince appointed him to the see of Turin. He wrote three books on Genesis, commentaries on St. Matthew, on the epistles to the Galatians and the Ephesians, books on Exodus, on Leviticus, and on the Book of Ruth.

Vol. 1—*page* 252.

"Reynerus de Sacco."

But the mighty power of truth prevailed, in defiance of Reiner's prejudices; and in the incidental relations which stole from him, we find testimonies in favour both of the antiquity and purity of the Church of the Alps, and not only of it, but of other churches in the north of Italy, which are absolutely amazing.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 252.

"Claudis de Seissel, Archbishop of Turin."

Claude de Seissel, Bishop of Marseilles, and afterwards of Turin, celebrated in the reigns of Louis XI., Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., in whose reign it was thought no one could be so likely to bring back the Vaudois to the Roman Catholic faith, and he was in consequence made Bishop of Turin.—*Authentic Details of the Vaudois.*

Vol. 1—*page* 252.

"The strictness of their morals."

"I have no hesitation in saying," says Mr.

Jackson, "that I think the Vaudois, even in their present circumstances, the most moral people in Europe. They have the honour to be ranked as soldiers of Jesus Christ, with that remnant of the noble army of martyrs." Such is the witness of Mr. Plenderleath; my testimony is the same. The first opinion which I adopted in 1823 is my deliberate and confirmed opinion in 1830.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

We will add the testimony of Claude de Seissel, who affirms that, for their lives and moral behaviour, the Vaudois are without reproach before men, and do their utmost endeavours to keep the commandments of God.

De Thou says, that the Vaudois keep the commandments of the decalogue, and allow among them of no wickedness, detesting perjuries and imprecations, quarrels, seditions, and all debaucheries, usury, &c.

The Cardinal Baronius bears witness to their chastity, and Thuanus, also a Roman Catholic historian, adds to this, "that they are such scrupulous observers of honour and chastity, that their neighbours, though of a contrary faith, intrusted them with the care of their wives and daughters, to preserve them from the insolence of the soldiery."

Vol. 1—*page* 252.

"Their resolute resistance to the unjust decree."

There were two armies that were to attack the Vaudois; that of the Duke's was commanded by Don Gabriel of Savoy, uncle to the Duke, and that of France was commanded by Monsieur Catinat, Governor of Casal. The army of the Duke consisted of the household, of all the cavalry and infantry, and of the militia of Mondovi, Barjes, Bagnol, and other places of Piedmont. That of France consisted of many regiments of cavalry, and dragoons, of eight battalions of foot, and of a part of the garrison of Casal and Pignerol.

The Vaudois had taken some measures to defend themselves; they had but one part of the valley of Lucerne, and another part of the community of Angrogna, and they were possessed of the Val St. Martin, the strongest of all by situation. They were fortified in every one of these valleys with entrenchments of turf and stone, and were about 2500 strong.

They had made their commanders and officers the most considerable persons among themselves; they had no strangers to assist them, and they waited the enemies' coming with great resolu-

tion, but they wanted regular troops and experienced commanders. The greatest fault they committed was, that they resolved to guard all the posts, for if they had abandoned the posts and retreated to the mountains, it is probable they would not have been reduced to the extremity they were. The two armies attacked the Vaudois in several places; the army of the Duke having advanced as far as the plain of St. John, divided itself into several bodies, who attacked at the same time divers entrenchments the Vaudois had there. The Vaudois, unable to withstand the fury of the enemy's cannon in those open entrenchments, retreated to another entrenchment, where they had a fort: there they expected their enemies with great resolution and courage, when news was brought them that those of the valley of St. Martin had yielded themselves up to the French. This valley was the strongest of the valleys, and from thence they might easily enter the valleys of Lucerne and Angrogna. This melancholy news obliged the Vaudois to enter into a treaty with Don Gabriel de Savoy, who sent them a promise in his own handwriting in these words, "Lay your arms down speedily, and throw yourselves on the clemency of his royal highness, and assure yourselves he will extend his favour to you,

and none shall touch your persons or those of your wives and children."

The Vaudois laid down their arms upon confidence of this promise, and surrendered to their enemies, but they were made prisoners and conducted to the prisons of Lucerne. The enemies then seized on all the posts, and sacked, pillaged, and burnt the houses of these people, put a great many to the sword, and committed such brutal actions as must astonish all who have any sentiments of humanity.—*Boyer's History.*

Vol. 1—*page* 257.

"What the religion they professed."

Nowhere is religion more ostentatious, or even more obtrusive, than at Turin; and yet the whole of the Lord's Day presents the spectacle of a fair, rather than that of a holy convocation.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 265.

"But from the court of France."

France, not content with having driven out her most faithful subjects, those called by the Romanists the Reformed Church, sought to in-

duce her neighbours to do the same. The Duke of Savoy resisted the importunities of Louis XIV. until his ambassador intimated that 14,000 men were ready for his service; but if they were employed to expel the heretics, his master would occupy the valleys as his own territory. Moved by this artful threat, the Duke immediately issued orders to the Vaudois to destroy their churches, to baptize their children according to the Catholic rite, and go to mass.

All petitions were vain, and after useless attempts to soften the heart of their prince, the Vaudois resolved to adhere to their religion, as their ancestors had done, in spite of every attempt upon their liberties and lives; and, in consequence, put themselves in a state of defence, which obliged the Duke to accept the offer of the French troops, who, under the command of Mons. de Catinat, attacked them on the 23rd of April, 1686.

Vol. 1—*page* 266.

"Restitution of our rights."

There is another proof of the inalienable rights which the natives of the valleys possess, and of the claims they have to consider themselves a privileged and ancient religious community;

viz. in the style which runs through all the edicts to which I have made allusion, and in all the answers returned by the Dukes of Savoy to the petitions of these people. Their country is called "the valleys," distinctively. They themselves are spoken of as "The men of the valleys,"—"Huomini delle valli;" and "Our faithful subjects of the valleys,"—"Fedeli suddite nostri delle valli." "Religionarii" is another peculiar appellation applied to them; so that they have been constantly regarded as a distinct race, whose pretensions have been matter of notoriety, and legally recognized from age to age.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 1—*page* 277.

"St. Martin and Pérouse have yielded to the French."

One would have thought that two such brilliant days would have raised the courage of the victors; but, unhappily, and by a fatality altogether unaccountable, these people, who at first so intrepidly followed the example of their forefathers, who had surmounted thirty-two wars for the sake of the same religion, became suddenly enervated, and with frozen hearts laid down their arms on the third day. Thus was

the war at once extinguished, not by the blood of the Vaudois, but by their unexpected submission.

No sooner had these unfortunate people laid down their arms, than they recognized their error. Fourteen thousand persons were thrown into prison, of whom a greater number was destroyed than would have fallen in the rudest war. Eleven thousand souls perished in thirteen prisons, from cold or heat, hunger or thirst. Such a destruction may appear incredible ; but it is indisputable, that only three thousand saw the light again, and these only to be banished from their property and country.—*Authentic Details of the Vaudois.*

Vol. 1—*page* 288.

" The horrors of the captivity which ensued."

It would be a hard matter to represent all the miseries and calamities these prisoners suffered during their captivity.

They had nothing but bread and water for their food, and not enough of that—they gave them coarse black bread, which they did knead with dirty water, which they took out of the channels of the streets ; and in the bread they often found lime, glass, and every other filth. In other places they gave them nothing but stinking corrupt water, and this in such scanty

portions, that they were often near expiring of thirst. They had no beds but the hard bricks and that without even straw.

They were so thronged in the prisons, that they could scarce stir, and if any died, fresh prisoners were put in. The great heat of the summer, and the corruption that the chambers were infected with, had engendered a great quantity of vermin, which would not let the prisoners sleep day nor night, great worms which preyed upon them even before death! A great number of women expired in their labour for want of help, and the children shared the fate of the distressed mothers, receiving their death wounds the first moment of life; but as if what they suffered in their bodies was not enough, their souls were persecuted in the most dangerous manner, for their clergy and regulars did their utmost to make them change their religion; but God gave them the Grace of Perseverance, and there were but few that yielded to the strength of temptation.—*From Boyer's History.*

Vol. 1—*page* 293.

"They reached Geneva in the first months of the year, 1689."

These poor people came to Geneva about

Christmas at divers times, and in several little companies. They were all in such a miserable condition, that when they came to Geneva they died between the two gates of the city, finding the end of life the beginning of liberty; some were so sick that their death was expected every moment; others, through the extremity of cold, had lost the use of their tongues; some were scarce able to walk a step further; others had lost the use of their hands so that they could not extend them to receive the charity that was proffered to them; the greatest part of them were naked, and without shoes or stockings; in short every one of them had so many marks of their sufferings, that the most cruel and pitiless persons would have been touched with the sight of their miseries.—*Boyer's History.*

Then follows a most harrowing description of their meeting with their friends who had preceded them, concluding with the following observation:—"This made such a spectacle that the bystanders melted into tears, while these miserable people oppressed with grief had not power to weep or complain."—*Boyer.*

Vol. 2—page 296.

"They dwelt on the desire of repossessing their former homes."

The Vaudois saw the difficulties of re-entering

their valleys now repeopled with Roman Catholics, yet thoughts came into their heads of returning to their country and surmounting all obstacles whatever ; for they were for the most part people who lived by the management of their goods and lands ; and because they had neither of them in Switzerland, they could not employ themselves. Though they wanted for nothing they grew very weary, and thought every day a year, till they were repossessed of their lands and habitations, out of which they were unjustly driven ; to this end they assembled together about eight or nine hundred in the wood of Nions, four leagues from Geneva ; they did it so secretly that neither the lords of Berne nor the Savoyards knew any thing of it, till they had passed the lake and that they were entered into Savoy. They fled across the lake in the night, in twelve barks that they had partly hired and partly seized at Nions. It was in the beginning of September 1689 they were headed by their minister, and another named Turel.—*Boyer's History.*

Vol. 1—*page* 298.

" The continued support of new friends, whom they recommended them to seek in the dominions of Brandenburg."

The power, liberality, and offers of his Electoral

Highness of Brandenburg at length determined the Swiss cantons, and all those who participated in their interest for the Vaudois, to propose them again, that they should depart for the frontiers of Brandenburg, and take possession of the lands, which were offered to them on very advantageous terms. Some of the Vaudois had already visited that country, and described it as very distant, and highly inconvenient both as to language and climate, which is in fact very different from their own. The consequence was, that notwithstanding all the favours of the late Elector of Brandenburg, they at last openly declared to the authorities who communicated with them on the part of the canton of Zurich, that they could not resolve to undertake the journey.

So obstinate a refusal was imputed to an ill-timed nicety.

They were, therefore, treated without ceremony, or rather with rudeness. Prepared as they were for extreme severity this had little effect on them. The Swiss were scandalized by the want of complaisance in these poor people, shown in their refusal of so advantageous an offer, provoked by their obstinacy, and resolute moreover in not swerving from their adopted purpose. They therefore compelled the Vaudois to sign an in-

strument, by which they promised to go wherever they were ordered.

M. Arnaud himself signed this order, though at the same time protesting against it, as extorted by violence.—*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 1—*page* 305.

"Large sums were forwarded."

The large collections made for them in England and Holland contributed to their favour. From the last-named country, ninety-two thousand crowns were despatched, and his serene highness the Prince of Orange, afterwards King of England, sent Mons. de Couverant to distribute it with exact economy.—*Authentic Details of the Vaudois.*

Vol. 1—*page* 306.

"William of Orange."

Mons. Arnaud communicated with the Prince of Orange, afterwards King of Great Britain. This prince having learnt that the Vaudois persisted in their design to re-enter their valleys, commended their zeal and piety, and exhorted him to keep them together, that so ancient a church might not be lost by separation. He recom-

mended yet a little patience to the deputies, animated their courage, and gave to them the means of returning to their people.—*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 2—page 4.

" Nine hundred individuals prepared to cross."

They embarked between nine and ten o'clock on the night of Friday, the 16th of August, 1689.

It happened that the day before, a general fast had been observed throughout Protestant Switzerland; a circumstance which contributed not a little to their uninterrupted passage over the lake. One insidious but abortive attempt to frustrate this undertaking was alone known to have been made.

Their first trip across the lake was fortunate. They landed between Nernier and Ivoire, with no other accident than the separation, by a squall of wind, of their boats; but when they sent back their boats for those who could not cross the first time, they had the misfortune to see all the boatmen, though paid in advance, take flight. This obliged them to leave behind more than 200 of their men, as immediate departure from a spot so exposed to danger was imperative.—*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 2—page 7.

" They landed in safety on the shores of Ivoire."

They disembarked between Nernier and Ivoire,

two towns of the Chablais, with the intention of marching sword in hand to recover their country, and of re-establishing there the true church of Jesus Christ.—*Authentic Details of the Vaudois.*

Vol. 2—*page* 35.

" They reached its summit."

On reaching the summit of Mount Touliers, the Vaudois perceived two or three troops of soldiers. The Vaudois advanced intrepidly, on which the commander sent a note disclaiming any hostile intentions, provided they would pursue their march in a line above him. Although aware this commandant was not to be trusted, they thought it more prudent to accept the conditions than force a pass which was well guarded.

The Vaudois continued their march, till they approached a village about a league from Salabertraun. Here they asked a peasant if they could have provisions for money. He answered, " Go on, there is a good supper provided for you." These last words were understood to be pregnant with danger.

Unmoved, however, the Vaudois resumed their march. When they were within half a league of the bridge, they discovered indications of the foe

in about thirty-six blazing fires, and within half an hour their avant guard fell into an ambuscade.

As there was no longer any doubt of immediate battle, the Vaudois united in prayer, and having scoured the country in search of ambuscades, advanced close to the bridge. The enemy, who was entrenched on the opposite bank, hailed them with a loud "Qui Vive?" "Friends," was the answer, "if permitted to pass!" The enemy would have no friends on such terms, and shouting out, "To slaughter!" opened a fire of more than two thousand shots in a volley. M. Arnaud ordered his men to lie down on their faces, and only one was wounded.

Our Vaudois, now between two fires, saw that without loss of a moment all must be hazarded. In this desperate crisis, some one shouted "Courage! the bridge is carried!" The Vaudois soldiers were so animated by the exclamation, that, throwing themselves headlong with sabre and bayonet on the bridge, they succeeded in gaining it, rushed impetuously on the entrenchments, carried them on the first attack, and pursued the enemy so closely as to seize many of them by the hair. Never was a charge more severe. The Vaudois sabre shattered the swords of the French, and made itself dreaded by the fire it struck from the muskets. So brilliant and

complete was the victory, that M. le Marquis de Larrey, who commanded the enemy, exclaimed, "Is it possible that I lose my honour and my battle?" and despairing of any remedy, cried, "Sauve qui peut!" The battle lasted two hours; the field was covered with the dead, many of the enemy's company being reduced to seven or eight men without a single officer. The greatest part of the baggage and all the ammunition fell a prey to the victorious Vaudois.

If this glorious victory is matter of surprise the small loss of the Vaudois in obtaining it is no less so. It amounted only to ten or twelve wounded, and fourteen or fifteen killed.—*Taken from H. D. Acland's Glorieuse Rentrée.*

Vol. 2—*page* 48.

"Dangers which providential interference alone had enabled them to overcome."

Blind must he be, who does not discern the finger of God in the preservation of the Vaudois. There is nothing like it in the history of man. The tempest of persecution has raged against them for seven hundred years, and yet it has not swept them away, but there they are in the land of their forefathers; because the most high gave unto the men of the valleys stout hearts and a resolute

spirit,—because he made them patient of hunger and thirst, and nakedness, and all manner of affliction.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 2—page 55.

"Victor still hesitated between the claims of his allegiance."

Victor Amadeus was famous for his inconstancy to his allies. At the time alluded to in this history, 1689-90, he was meditating the desertion of Louis XIV. to unite himself with the allied powers, a desertion of which he was afterwards guilty on both sides more than once.—*Acland.*

Vol. 2—page 66.

"The region of massacre and despair."

Speaking of the valley of Angrogna, Gilly says, "When no violent edicts were issued to disturb its repose, it was the scene of pastoral innocence and religious meditation. But when the mandate went forth to compel the Vaudois to conform to the Latin ritual, it became a field of blood."

Vol. 2—page 67.

"The peak of Monte Viso."

These summits are terminated towards the

south by the snowy peaks of Mont Viso. On the whole range of the Alps, there is not an elevation which is more pre-eminently a mountain, in character and aspect, than Mont Viso.

It rises to a towering height, far above all others in the same branch; and is distinguished by its white pinnacle, soaring proudly to the skies; so that, be it seen in what direction it may, it cannot be mistaken.

Mont Blanc and Mont Rosa are considerably more lofty, and are also strongly marked; but there is an aspiring beauty in Mont Viso, which secures recognition.

Vol. 2.—*page* 72.

"One dark and blood-stained spot in their annals."

Let not the reader be surprised that the Vaudois should thus put to death those who fell into their hands — they had no prisons—their numbers too small to guard them; and to have released them was to publish their plans, their weakness—all on which depended the success of the enterprise. The relaxation of this unavoidable maxim in the case of Jean Gras was eventually highly prejudicial to the Vaudois.—*Abridged from Acland.*

Vol. 2—page 85.

"After many doubts they determined to divide."

On the last day of August, the Vaudois divided into two troops, one of which took a direction along the top of Meudron, and the other along its flank.—*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 2—page 86.

"Their pastor once again mounting a Vaudois pulpit."

They had the infinite pleasure of finding their church at Guigon, which is the parish church of Prali, still standing. They removed every thing which savoured of Romish worship, and sang the 74th Psalm. Mons. Arnaud then mounted a bench in the doorway, that he might be audible to those without the church; and after the 129th Psalm had been sung, he preached in exposition of some of the verses of these psalms.—*H. D. Acland's Glorieuse Rentrée.*

Vol. 2—page 107.

"The persecutions which before this had deluged them with blood."

In 1655 appeared the bloody order of Gastaldo,

so named from its consequences. In vain did the Vaudois by every act of supplication to the different members of the government, endeavour to avert the impending storm. In the depth of winter more than a thousand families were driven from their homes and properties to the shelterless recesses of Alpine heights.

The Marquis of Pianezza entered the valleys at the head of 15,000 men. Aware of the desperate resistance he must encounter if the Vaudois should flee and unite in the mountains, he feigned a wish for conciliation, and invited deputies to confer on the necessary terms.

After treating them with great kindness, he promised a suspension of hostilities, if the Vaudois would receive as a token of obedience some companies in the different villages. They complied; the consequent massacre is too horrible for detailed narration. — *Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 2—*page* 112.

"One volley, loud, fierce, but ill-directed, received their onset; but then all was still."

The Vaudois, on finding themselves thus masters of the village, burned some houses to avoid being surprised; and as they were annoyed by the firing from the convent, Monsieur Arnaud

devised their rolling large barrels before them, under shelter of which they could approach nearer: by this means they got into the houses opposite, and fired through holes which they made in the walls upon those who were firing from the steeple, at which time three lives were lost.

Having learned from some prisoners that the besieged had no provisions, they found it expedient to turn the attack into a blockade, and to cut off all supplies, for which purpose they attacked a company of soldiers who were convoying fourteen baggage mules, and took them. The mules and provisions were divided among the companies; a guard was posted at Rospard, and sentinels at Pertuzel. The besieged soon after made a desperate sortie, sword in hand, but the Vaudois received them so gallantly, they were forced to retire to the convent in such haste that they dragged in by the feet the body of their commander, the Baron de Chouat, who had been killed, and whose hat and wig were found in the street. The sentinel of Pertuzel made a signal that succours were advancing to the besieged, at the same time they left the convent and were escaping into the wood, where the Vaudois followed and shot several of them; but this pursuit favoured the entrance of Monsieur de Parelle,

for though a detachment of Vaudois had run with all haste to the bridge of Rospard, they could not make effectual resistance, but were surrounded and many of them killed. They were now separated into two corps, divided by the enemy (who were in great numbers, and composed of veteran soldiers), and thought it prudent to economize their small number, and risk nothing, so the division in Villar abandoned that place and took the road to Bobi.—*Authentic Details.*

Vol. 2—*page* 114.

"This was the pillage of Bobi."

The Vaudois entered Bobi.

The inhabitants abandoned every thing, and fled without firing a shot; and it must be allowed to the shame of the Vaudois, that instead of following up the pursuit, the greater number amused themselves with pillaging the town.

The other division employed themselves more nobly, and pursued the enemy into the woods, where they made twelve prisoners, ten of whom were sentenced to be shot by a council of war. One of the twelve, named Jean Gras, and his sister-in-law, were spared at the intercession of a Vaudois captain.—*Acland.*

Vol. 2—page 124.

" The oaths of allegiance."

The first business was the oath of fidelity, which Monsieur Arnaud read aloud in the following form:—" God, by his divine grace, having happily reconducted us to the inheritance of our fathers, there to establish the pure service of our holy religion, by continuing and finishing the great enterprise which he has hitherto so graciously favoured:—we, pastors, captains, and other officers, swear and promise, before the face of the living God, and upon the damnation of our souls, to observe union and order, and neither to separate or disunite while God grants us life,—even should we have the misfortune to be reduced to three or four, not to parley or treat with our enemies, those of Piedmont as well as France, without the consent of all our council of war; to put together the booty which we have or may make, and to use it for the wants of our people on extraordinary occasions. We, soldiers, promise and swear, before God to-day, to obey the orders of all our officers, and swear obedience to them, even to the last drop of our blood, and to place the prisoners and booty at their disposal. Further it is ordered, that all officers and soldiers shall be forbid, under heavy penalties, to search

either during or after any action, any of the dead, wounded, or prisoners, excepting those officers or soldiers especially appointed for that purpose."

Vol. 2—*page* 124.

"Villars."

Few places suffered more from religious feuds than Villar, during the conflicts that raged from 1561 to 1690. A church not unlike the small sanctuaries of Chialmis and Bezzé, but of large dimensions, with tower and belfry, was utterly demolished. It was built so as to point north and south, and was said for this reason to have been an object peculiarly marked for destruction. —*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 2—*page* 135.

"The renowned Giavanello."

Giavanello was the hero of 1655, who withstood the persecutions of the Marquis de Pianezza and Mario, in Lucerne and Rora, performing almost incredible feats of valour.—*See Boyer's History* for further account of this brave Mountaineer.

Vol. 2—*page* 158.

"Had been nurtured by his grandmother."

The council for the propagation of faith was

divided into two bodies of supporters; the archbishop being the head of the male, and the Marchioness di Pianezza of the female, devotees.

The eagerness of the ladies engaged in this pious enterprise can hardly be imagined; they sent forth spies to promote dissensions in private families; offered money to new converts, and even penetrated into the prisons to make proselytes.

To support their expenses, they went round even to the shops and inns to collect contributions. The secular arm also assisted them if required, in their labours to deserve the plenary indulgence for all their sins granted them by the court of Rome.—*Authentic Details.*

Vol. 2—*page* 216.

"The valued bible."

Leger, the Vaudois historian of the 17th century, declared there was no artifice, no exertion, no expence spared by the enemies of his church, both in quiet and troublesome times, to efface all records of the ancient Vaudois from the face of the earth; and added that, after he himself had searched everywhere, and had collected what he could relating to the antiquity of the Waldenses, every book and every morsel of paper was taken from him during the massacres of 1655, and car-

ried to Turin. Not the least scrap was left to him, and it was by incredible pains that he was able to gather the materials of his history, from relics that were preserved in the neighbouring provinces of France. An affecting memorandum of the spoliation of which Leger complains in his history, is preserved in one of the pages of an old Italian bible, now in the possession of the Dean of Winchester. It was Leger's own bible, and in it he traced these melancholy lines with his own hands.

"Questa bibbia e l'unico tesoro che di tutti miei beni ho potuto riscampare dagl' orribili massacri e incomparabile incendie che la corte di Torino ha fatti eseguir nelle valli di Piemonte del 1655, ce per questo (oltre che vi sono piu nottule di mia mano) raccomando e commando a miei figli di conservarla come una preciossissima reliqua, e di transmetterla di mano in mano alla loro posterità."— *Giovanni Legero Pastore.*

Vol. 2—*page* 235.

"One who like him had ever made honesty succumb to policy."

"Victor Amadeus was famous for his change of policy, sacrificing his word on every occasion to his interest. Voltaire says of him,—

" Victor Amadée de Savoie était celui de tous les princes, qui prenait le plutôt son parti, quand il s'agissait de rompre ses engagemens pour ses intérêts."

Vol. 2—page 244.

" No Vaudois yet has been disloyal to his sovereign, while that sovereign performed those promised conditions."

The presence of an unpitying enemy, advancing towards their last retreats, produced desperate resolutions of self-defence, and the wretched peasants found themselves driven to the last resource of the oppressed, and man stood by man, in the front of some narrow pass, to drive the spoiler from his prey.

It was thus that loyal subjects were forced into conflict with the troops of their sovereign, and that a fierce and unsparing guerilla warfare began to rage between the peasantry of the mountains, and the trained militia of the principality, headed by the best commanders of the day. Blind must he be, who does not discern the finger of God in the preservation of the Vaudois. There is nothing like it in the history of man. The tempest of persecution has raged against them for seven hundred years, and yet it has not swept them away, but there they are in the land

of their forefathers; because the Most High gave unto the men of the valleys stout hearts and a resolute spirit—because he made them patient of hunger and thirst, and nakedness, and all manner of affliction.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 3—*page* 20.

"Tu dormi Lorente tu dormi."

The vernacular tongue of the Vaudois is a barbarous dialect between Latin, French, and Italian, more like the Spanish perhaps.—The language of the state is Italian.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 3—*page* 35.

"To send them to Grenoble."

Acland mentions their being carried to Grenoble and punished there.

Vol. 3—*page* 40.

"Must bear his cross not bow before it."

Monsieur Imbert, doctor in divinity, having taken upon him to say to the people who were going to the adoration of the cross on Good-Friday, in the year 1683, that the Catholics worshipped Jesus Christ crucified before the cross, and that they worshipped nothing of what they saw: the vicar of the parish immediately cried out, "It is the

wood, the wood." "No, no," replied Monsieur Imbert, "it is Jesus Christ and not the wood." There was no occasion for more to bring him to trouble. He was cited before the Archbishop of Bordeaux, &c.—*Authentic Details.*

Vol. 3—*page* 42.

"Perrier."

On the morning of the 7th the Vaudois moved upon Perrier. The passes were so intersected with precipices that a single false step must have been fatal. . . . . When they reached Fayet, which is on a little eminence, at a musket shot's distance from Perrier, they discovered that the one hundred and fifty men who were reported to be there, were still in possession of it. As soon as the inhabitants saw the Vaudois approach they deserted the soldiers and fled. The soldiers after receiving two volleys retreated into the convent. Some of the Vaudois wished to storm this place, but the contrary opinion prevailed; for not only were they in too weak a state from want of nourishment, but at any time it would have been the height of temerity to have encountered the probable loss of carrying a place so well intrenched, fortified with bastions, advantageously situated and protected by a height called the Croix de l'Es-

cape. Moreover, the enemy had cut away the bridge over which was the approach. When the Vaudois found that there was nothing for them to do, they mounted as far as Crouzet, where they made some soup of cabbage, peas, and leeks, without meat, salt, or any seasoning. They ate it, however, with a good appetite, and then detached some men to Prali to reconnoitre and look for some provisions.—*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 3—*page* 49.

" The Vaudois beheld the smoke of many a burning village."

They discovered that the enemy was burning all the villages about Perrier. This measure was considered as a symptom of his retreat, and eighty men were ordered to observe his movements, but most of them stopped on the road, or returned to the camp, not being able to brave the severity of the weather. Fifteen, however, of the most hardy succeeded in approaching Perrier, when they perceived that the enemy had broken up their camp and left only a guard, which, on seeing our resolute Vaudois, fled without an attack. Thus fifteen Vaudois entered Perrier triumphantly, and when they saw the strength of the intrenchments were astonished beyond measure at the cowardice

which had induced the desertion of such a place. They found that the enemy had left proof of their presence by burning every thing in the neighbourhood.—*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 3—*page* 54.

" A detachment of one hundred and sixteen men."

A detachment of one hundred and sixteen men was ordered into the neighbourhood of St. Germain. It arrived there early in the morning; and after it had made its observations attacked the enemy, while employed in firing at their targets. The Vaudois opened their fire upon them at the moment when one of the guards was exclaiming, " Ha! what a capital shot that would have been if a barbet had been there." Peasantry and soldiery immediately fled across the bridge of Penache. The Vaudois would not, however, have crossed the river, as they did not choose to violate the territory of the King of France, who did not then appear to have any design against them. —*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 3—*page* 54.

" Who were gathering in the vintage."

Some of the inhabitants of Pragelas, who had vineyards near Villeseche, obtained permission to

work their produce in consideration of a hundred crowns, which they offered for it.—*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 3—page 51.

" A body of the French army eight thousand strong."

The king's forces had defiled from Cazal and Pignerol, ascended the valley of Pragela, and crossed over to the bridge of Salabertraun, where they had encamped to the number of eight thousand; but on a report that Cazal was invested by the Spaniards, had withdrawn again in that direction.—*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 3—page 56.

" Leaving many prisoners in the Vaudois' hands."

The other body of Vaudois who had descended into Val Perouse made a great many prisoners; but all those who professed themselves French subjects were immediately released. The principal capture was that of two infamous renegades, who had served as guides to the Marquis de Parelle, to the destruction of their former brethren.

They were carried under the doors of the guard-house of Perouse, where a gibbet was

erected, and they were hung."—*Abridged from Acland.*

Vol. 3—*page* 70.

" What they call their rights."

In reference to the treaty of 1592, and the confirmation of it in 1630, by which, when the Vaudois and their lands were incorporated with France, the French kings obliged themselves and their successors for ever to maintain the ancient liberties of the Vaudois. The clause ran thus:—" And if it should happen at any time that his posterity or his successors should be constrained to surrender them to the jurisdiction of any other, they shall be transferred with the same conditions, privileges, and qualifications that shall be granted to them by the present treaty, together with their ancient privileges and immunities, which by such transfer shall neither be changed, renewed, nor altered in any way whatever." The fruit of this mediation, on the part of the English government in 1655, was a solemn compact signed by the Duke of Savoy in favour of his Vaudois subjects, and guaranteed by the ambassador of the King of France, and the ambassadors of the reformed Cantons of Switzerland.—*Gilly.*

Vol. 3—*page* 74.

" His crooked policy had entangled him in a net."

The Duke of Savoy seeing that the allies were in a condition to succour the Vaudois, and that the Emperor and King of Spain did solicit him to take their parts, he thought that in declaring himself neuter he might hinder the intended succours, but the court of France, which till then was mistress of the Duke of Savoy and his estate, would not hear of a neutrality, and would have the Duke declare wholly for France; and to oblige him to it, the king demanded of him for better assurance all his troops, and that he would put into his hands the citadel of Turin and Verceil, that he might in them lay up magazines and all sorts of ammunition.

These hard conditions, and the subsequent haughtiness with which Louis XIV. treated Victor Amadeus, caused the latter to join with the allies.

This rupture of the Duke of Savoy with France caused his reconciliation with the Vaudois. Conscious of the service they might render him in guarding the passes of their valleys, he extended his favours towards them, released those who were in the prisons, excused himself for

having used them so roughly, and cast all upon the King of France, as the true author of all that had befallen them; and finally reinstated them in their valleys.—*Abridgment of Boyer.*

Vol. 3—*page* 98.

"The charter of the Vaudois liberties."

Victor Amadeus set at liberty all the Vaudois that were in prison, as well ministers as others; he sent an act of oblivion to all those that were in arms in the valleys, and gave to those that were in foreign countries leave to return home with necessary passports, with orders to all to turn their arms against the French, whom they must look upon as their true persecutors, and the cause of all their miseries.

He caused to be brought before him all those that were prisoners at Turin, and told them that he was touched with a deep sense of their miseries, and commanded them in his presence to be clothed and to be furnished with all things necessary.—*P. Boyer.*

Vol. 3—*page* 103.

"They abandoned les Paussettes."

The Vaudois abandoned their intrenchments

at the Paussettes, and retreated among the rocks of the Aiguille, whence they sent another messenger to their brethren of St. Martin, saying that unless succour instantly arrived, the Col de Julien must be lost. This apprehension was too well justified; for though, had they done their duty, they could never have been forced from their position on the Aiguille, yet they deserted it in a fear, unusual to them, of the apparently overwhelming numbers of their antagonists, who entered it on the following morning without opposition. The huts and the chesnuts contained in them were burnt, and the other provisions thrown over rocks; and unfortunately, the shepherd who had charge of the flock belonging to the Vaudois at Rodoret, ignorant of these events, led it on the same day to the pastures near the Aiguille, so that they also became a prey to the enemy.

Among other things which were captured, was a very accurate journal of every occurrence among the Vaudois, from the time of their embarkation on the Lake of Geneva, to the 17th of October.—*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 3—*page* 104.

"Col de Julien."

The Alp of Julien is just under the Col of the

same name, and is one of those rich pasturages, to which you find yourself transported, as I have observed in another place, as if by magic, after having apparently left verdure far behind you. To these spots the cattle are driven, and remain with the owners and their families for three or four months. I counted forty cows and ten sheep, and was told that many hundreds are fed on this and the neighbouring Alps, which lie on this side of the chain that divides Piedmont from Dauphiné.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 3—*page* 106.

" A detachment marched to the spot from Bobi."

The enemy were now in possession of all the heights, without being able to discover where the Vaudois were hidden; this provoked them so much, that they determined to use the most vigorous measures to bring the business to a conclusion, and posted peasants to be upon the watch near Mirabouc. They at last discovered them at Essert, and fell upon them, while they sent a messenger to the detachment at Bobi, to say if the barbets were found, and might be had cheap. These poor people gave themselves up for lost, but determined to sell their lives dearly, and retired to a ruined building, where, firing

through loopholes which they had made for the purpose, they defended themselves valiantly all day. The enemy, perceiving they could make no impression upon them, then attempted to surround the building, but our brave Vaudois, anticipating their design, prevented their effecting their object, by making a timely and vigorous sortie. In the evening the enemy received reinforcements from Bobi; but fortunately the darkness of the night favoured the Vaudois, who had but one man wounded, whose name was François Martinat.—*Authentic Details.*

Vol. 3—*page* 108.

"When a shot startled them."

Having passed over precipices, the bare idea of which might alarm the boldest hearts, they retreated into the cavern of Biava. At the end of two days they found the cold so intense as to render existence impossible; they resolved, therefore, to retire to the torrent of Lanze, and there conceal themselves. . . . . They set out on their march, which was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of an armed force. Ever apprehensive of an enemy, they shrunk behind the corner of a projecting rock, and having discharged a volley, had at once the delight and pain of recognising the supposed foe as a party of their own

brethren, who had come from the Val St. Martin search of them.—*Abridged from Acland's Translation of La Glorieuse Rentrée.*

Vol. 3—*page* 110.

" A difference of opinion prevailed."

Much diversity of opinion arose among the deliberators. Some recommended a retreat into the neighbourhood of Bobi, and others on the side of Angrogna. Neither party was inclined to adopt the opinion of the other; and in adhering each to his own course, both were on the point of rushing into destruction.

Monsieur Arnaud came forward and said that in such distress, they ought to have recourse to God. Prayers were immediately offered up; Monsieur Arnaud then urged on them the absolute necessity of union, and pointed out that neither of the plans proposed was advisable, as the Aiguille, a position necessary in each case, was in the hands of the enemy.

He then proposed the Balsi as the post, the occupation of which offered the most advantages. This proposal was agreed to, and quickly acted on. . . . . The Vaudois commenced their march about two hours before daylight; and so intense was the darkness, that in order to be seen, the

guides wore the whitest linen over their shoulders. As Salsa was to be avoided, their road lay among frightful precipices ; so that they were constantly obliged to creep on their hands and feet. . . . . Those who have not seen such places can form no notion of the danger. Many who have performed this dangerous exploit have since visited the scene by day, and were struck with horror at the recollection that they passed in darkness over spots which they never would have traversed in light.—*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 3—*page* 112.

"A party of Vaudois were then grinding corn at Macel."

A native having observed that the mill of Macel was unguarded, returned to Bobi and informed Monsieur de L'Ombraille of it, and that the Vaudois might easily be caught whilst grinding corn there. A detachment of five hundred men was immediately ordered up for the mighty purpose of breaking up a mill and the apprehension of a few stragglers. Some Vaudois were discovered making bread, but all escaped with the exception of two, who were shot, and a third who was taken prisoner, and conducted to

Monsieur de L'Ombraille, who had him executed.

The pious courage and resignation with which the poor man met his death, is detailed at length by Mr. Acland: he prophesied at the last, that instead of one arm taken from the Vaudois, many would be raised up by the hand of God—a prophecy partly verified after the proclamation of peace from their sovereign, some months after.—*Taken from Acland and Authentic Details.*

Vol. 3—*page* 117.

" Remember Rora."

Unhappily for Rora, its situation is such as to tempt a gallant band of mountaineers, determined upon the defensive, to rely upon its strongholds and fastnesses, watch-towers, and battlements, as it were in the natural face of the cliffs, which give them the resemblance of a line of fortresses; passes, where two or three only can advance abreast; barriers already more than half constructed by masses of rock, as if placed there by the hand of Providence for the purpose: and situations formed for ambuscades, have persuaded the people of Rora that their position was impregnable; and hence the desperate combats which took place in the seventeenth century, between a handful of

peasants and the troops of Pianezza and Christophel. Isolated as Rora is, these conflicts all ended unsuccessfully, however manfully the posts were contested for a time. The defenders of the village fighting side by side, while any men were left, till the enemy was driven back; but numbers prevailed, and twice in one reign did the duke's soldiers march over the dead body of the last of its defenders, to pillage the ill-fated Rora, and to massacre, and inflict worse horrors upon its women and children, who became a prey first to their worst passions, and afterwards to their swords!—*Gilly.*

Vol. 3—*page* 123.

"The fort of La Balsille."

The village of Balciglia, with the bridge and mill: on the left was the bridge by which the enemy attempted to cross the torrent, and to attack the château. The three points occupied successfully by the Vaudois, rise one above the other in strongly marked lines, and so rugged and precipitous is the ascent to each, that it is no wonder that the assailants were so long kept at bay. The Vaudois escaped, when they could hold out no longer, by a path over the Guignevert, which under any other circumstances it would have been frenzy to attempt.—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

Vol. 3—*page* 124.

"And disclosed to their wondering eyes fields of corn."

Not only did the Vaudois on their first return into the valleys of their inheritance, find an abundance of produce reaped to their hands, or ready to be reaped, but owing to an early fall of snow, they were prevented from immediately reaping a part which ultimately proved their only subsistence. Had the entire crops been collected, they must have shared the fate of the magazines and barns, burnt by the French, previously to their retreat into winter quarters. But a part was preserved alike from the Vaudois and their foes, to supply the former in the spring when their winter stock would be consumed.

During the months of February and March, large quantities of corn were extricated from the snow, in very tolerable condition, after being eighteen months in the ground.—*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 3—*page* 125.

"The Marquis de Parelle sent propositions of truce."

On the 17th of April terms of surrender were proposed to the Vaudois directly from the Marquis de Parelle. A council of war was called to deli-

berate, who returned an answer, the heads of which were to state—

First,—That the subjects of the Duke of Savoy had been in possession of their estates from time immemorial, having received them by inheritance from their ancestors.

Secondly,—That they had at all times faithfully paid all imposts and subsidies.

Thirdly,—That they had practised rigid obedience to his royal highness's orders.

Fourthly,—That at the time of the last persecution, there was not one criminal process throughout the valleys, but that each Vaudois was living peaceably in his own home. That notwithstanding this fidelity, they had been scattered as wanderers on the face of the world.

The letter contains a pathetic declaration of their desire to return to their own homes, to do no harm to any man, but to become as before, good and faithful subjects of his royal highness, whom God had set over them as king, and concludes with humble entreaties to be restored to his favour.

The letter, which is too long for insertion here, was signed by Henri Arnaud and P. P. Odin, in behalf of the Vaudois, and may be seen at length in Mr. Acland's translation of La Glorieuse Rentrée, by Henri Arnaud.

Vol. 3—*page* 127.

" The fort itself was situated on a very high rock."

The Balsi is a lofty and steep rock, rising by three different terraces, on the top of each of which is a small flat space, in which a sort of barracks had been excavated in the ground. It possesses also three springs. It has been mentioned that entrenchments had been constructed, and these were pierced with loopholes. Each post was also provided with a large store of stones to hurl on the heads of the assailants. The access to it is everywhere difficult; the side on which it is the least so, is from a torrent which runs at its feet. As this was the only side on which an attack could be made, Monsieur Arnaud had caused it to be fortified by good palisades and parapets of dry wall. Moreover, trees had been cut down, and so disposed that the branches should be opposed to the assailants. A layer of trees was loaded with large stones, on which were again placed trees, secured in the same manner.

Vol. 3—*page* 130.

" Not more than twelve."

When the confusion of the assailants was com-

plete, the Vaudois sallied from their entrenchments, and cut to pieces the remainder of the detachment, with the exception of ten or twelve, who lived to report to Monsieur Catinat the result of the attack so disastrous to the French and honourable to the Vaudois. Monsieur de Parat, who commanded the assault, was found between two rocks, wounded, and was conveyed a prisoner into the very barrack which, only a few hours before, he had pointed out to his men with this expression, "My lads, we must sleep there to-night."—*H. D. Acland.*

Vol. 3—*page* 133.

"Impressively did Arnaud address them."

On Thursday M. Arnaud preached according to custom, and the sermon was so affecting, that he could not refrain from tears, and his little flock seeing his emotion shed tears also. He had touched upon the justice to be observed in the division of booty; and had no sooner concluded, than each man brought all that he had taken from the enemy: these spoils consisted of arms, clothes, linen, &c., and were for the greatest part sold, and produced enough to allow of something being given to each soldier; what remained was divided among the poorest.—*Authentic Details.*

Vol. 3—*page* 134.

" While they had not one loss to recount."

" The most astonishing fact of this bloody day was, that the Vaudois did not lose a man."

Vol. 3—*page* 136.

" Catinat . . . . . unwilling to risk life and fame."

Monsieur de Catinat, having to his shame essayed the valour of the Vaudois, did not think fit to expose a second time his person and hopes of a marechal's staff, but resigned it to the direction of Monsieur de Feuquieres.—*Translation of Arnaud's Journal by Acland.*

Vol. 3—*page* 136.

" The Count de Parat offered the highest ransom for his liberty."

The French, some days afterwards, sent ten louis d'ors to Monsieur de Parat, who, in consequence, had a sort of hut constructed for himself and his surgeon, which cost four crowns; the rest of the money he would have given to Monsieur Arnaud, who refused it. He wished also to ransom himself, but was answered on the part of the council of war, that they did not want money, but were

willing to exchange him for some prisoners at Turin, upon which he gave them to understand, that Monsieur de Feuquieres, at that time French ambassador there, was his particular friend.—*Authentic Details.*

Vol. 3—*page* 137.

" The Vaudois however were not to be shaken."

Reply of the Vaudois to the Marquis de Feuquieres:—" Gentlemen, though you imagine us to be very poor, we do not want money for the ransom of Monsieur de Parat, our prisoner; we permit you to send him rations for four or five days, that we may not have the trouble of going up and down every day. In answer to all your proposals, not being subjects to the King of France, nor that king master of this country, we cannot make any treaty with you. We now occupy the inheritance which our fathers bequeathed to us, since time immemorial; and hope, by the aid of Him, who is God of armies, to live and die here, if there should be only ten of us left. If your cannon thunder, our rocks will not be dismayed, and we shall hear the report."

Vol. 3—*page* 138.

" On the 14th the full battery was opened upon them."

The 14th of May was the day appointed for

the grand attack on Balsi, and though Messieurs de Catinat and de L'Ombraille had boasted that the Vaudois should be subdued without the expense of one pound of powder, the batteries never ceased to play from daybreak till noon, when the walls of the Vaudois were in a state of utter destruction. As soon as the enemy perceived the effect of their cannon, they determined on making the assault in three separate parties. The efforts of the Vaudois to repel them were vain, they were compelled to desert the castle and retreat to an entrenchment called the "Cheval la Bruxe." Here the means of escape alone occupied the thoughts of the Vaudois, but the difficulties were insuperable.

At this moment, when death was staring them in the face, the hand of God was once more apparent in their assistance, by enveloping them in the darkness of a mist, which enabled them, with a native of Balsi for their guide, to attempt their escape undiscovered.

Sliding on their backs, and holding on by the bushes, they followed their conductor down a ravine full of frightful precipices, feeling with hands and feet for spots which could be rested on with safety. In this manner they passed close to one of the enemy's piquets, which was at that moment going the rounds. At the same instant,

a soldier, who had a kettle with him, was obliged to use both hands to save himself from falling. The kettle tumbled over the rocks, and alarmed a French sentry, who immediately challenged with a "Qui vive." But the kettle gave no answer, and the sentry continued his rounds without repeating his Qui vive. The Vaudois proceeded silently on their flight, and two hours after day-break they were discovered as they were ascending the Guignevert by a party of the enemy stationed on the Balsi.—*Abridged from the Translation of La Glorieuse Rentrée by Acland.* The following account of the escape of the Vaudois appeared at Turin :—"The French have driven the Huguenots from their forts, who fled the night after their entrenchments had been destroyed by cannon. They defiled between two divisions, over places, so steep that no guard had been appointed to watch them, it being thought impossible for men to pass over them."

Vol. 3—*page* 150.

"His entreaties were assisted by a sudden and welcome shower of rain."

Here they were greatly disappointed not to find a drop of water to boil their soup, but providence in compassion, sent them rain which was at this time as great a relief, as on former occasions it

had proved an addition to their distresses.—*Authentic Details.*

Vol. 3—*page* 154.

"The Sieurs Parander and Bertin."

But on their arrival at a neighbouring hamlet, they were no less astonished than delighted to find Messrs. Parander and Bertin, who were come as envoys from Baron de Palavicino, to announce to them peace on the part of the Duke of Savoy, offering at the same time, to furnish them instantly with provisions.—*Authentic Details.*

Vol. 3—*page* 160.

"He hastily concluded his negotiations with the allies."

In consequence of a total change of politics in 1690, Victor Amadeus united with the emperor and the kings of England against Louis XIV., and on this occasion wrote to the Duke of Orleans, declaring that he had sacrificed these Vaudois to the court of France, contrary to every rule of sound policy. He also set at liberty the prisoners who had been condemned to death, allowed twelve hundred of his Vaudois subjects to receive English pay, and permitted the rest to return to their homes in the valleys. The allied powers were eager to make use of the Vaudois, conceiving them to be justly irritated against France.—*Authentic Details.*

Vol. 3—*page* 172.

" This letter from the Duke."

" You have but one God and one prince to serve; serve God and your prince faithfully, till now we have been enemies, henceforth we must be good friends; others have been the cause of your misfortune, but if now as you ought, you expose your lives for my service, I will expose mine also for yours, and while I have a morsel of bread you shall have your share."

Vol. 3—*page* 182.

" Victor Amadeus."

Victor Amadeus was the first king of his race, and the true founder of the Sardinian monarchy; the whole of his reign was laboriously employed in endeavouring to increase his power; he disciplined his army, put in order his finances, consolidated all parts of his administration, and acquired a part of Milan, the kingdom of Sardinia, and the eventual succession of Spain. The most powerful prince of Italy, he left to his successor a possibility of becoming the only sovereign of that peninsula, and pointed out to them the road which they were to follow in order that they might succeed. This prince fatigued with affairs, and disgusted with the world, wishing to seek

repose in the pleasures of friendship, married the Marchioness of St. Sébastien, and ceded the crown to his son; but he had soon reason to repent of this. Bad councils overtook Charles Emanuel, they enchained his heart and terrified his mind; and the unfortunate Amadeus, imprisoned by a son to whom he had just given the crown, expired soon after, with indignation and grief at treatment so barbarous and ungrateful.—*Le Sage.*

Vol. 3—*page* 184.

" The conduct of his Vaudois subjects."

The conduct of the Vaudois in the war between the confederates and Louis XIV. commanded the applause of all who witnessed it, and is honourably mentioned in the memoirs of Prince Eugene. Their sovereign formed them into a distinct regiment, under officers of their own nation, and invited their brethren of the reformed church to join it. In a work of high authority (" Novum Thesaurum Piedmontii") they are represented as having mainly contributed to several important victories in Piedmont, and as having compelled the French to evacuate the valleys.—*Acland.*

Vol. 3—*page* 186.

" No place of refuge was open to him but the Piedmontese valleys."

It was in Rora that Victor Amadée, the scourge of the Vaudois, took refuge when the French marched an army into Piedmont, at the beginning of the last century. Strange that the oppressor should fly to the oppressed, the wolf to the kid for succour, and find protection in a village which had suffered in a more than ordinary degree, under the tyranny of himself and his predecessors. Be it as it might, he found that which he sought, concealment and protection. A Vaudois received him kindly, and kept his secret faithfully. Had the man proved a betrayer, he might have recieved his house full of gold as the price of the royal fugitive. The reward of his fidelity at the king's hand was a present of the king's silver drinking cup, and some paltry permission to enclose a cemetery.—*Gilly.*

Vol. 3—*page* 205.

" Then taking from his bosom a curiously chased silver goblet."

In 1706 a striking proof of confidence in the

loyalty and forgiving nature of the Vaudois was afforded by Victor Amadeus, their late relentless persecutor, in selecting them for a refuge when a fugitive from his besieged capital, then invested by the Duke of Orleans, and pursued by forty-five squadrons of cavalry, under the Count d'Aubeterre. The family of Durand Canton, in the commune of Rora, preserves to this day a silver goblet left by his royal highness as a token of their forefather's loyalty; and, throughout his protracted conflicts, the duke continued his approbation of their conduct, and his protestations of interest in their welfare.—*Acland.*

THE END.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.—Pages 16, 20, 21, 22, 23, 38, for Bonquetin, read *Bouquetin.*—Page 38, for decrees, read *decree.*—Page 70, for Grignau, read *Grignan.*—Page 88, for bait, read *wit.*—Page 89, for corps de théâtre, read *coups de théâtre.*—Page 193, for son, read *vow.*—Page 215, for meathing, read *wreathing.*

VOL. II.—Page 8, for Némier, read *Nernier.*—Page 10, for wretch, read *wreck.*—Page 17, for Nennier, read *Nernier.*—Page 57, for parential, read *parental.*—Page 66, for closet, read *closest.*—Page 71, for panic, struck, read *panicstruck.*

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